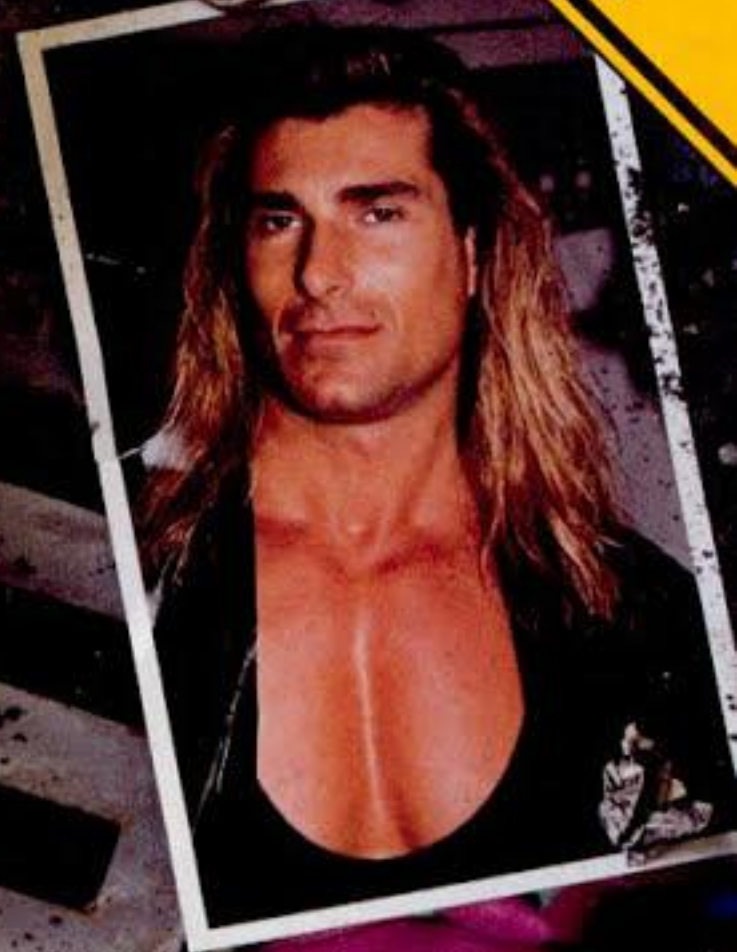


# THE SPY

December 1993-January 1994 Vol. 8 No. 3

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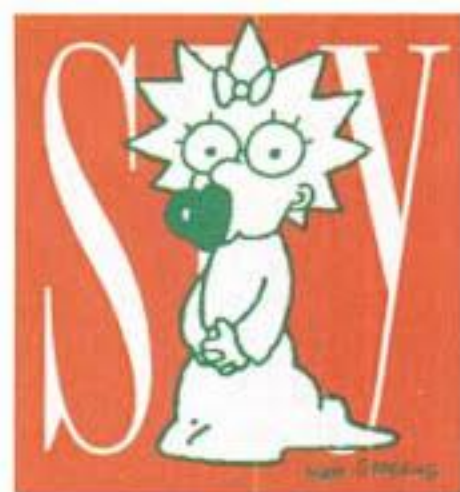
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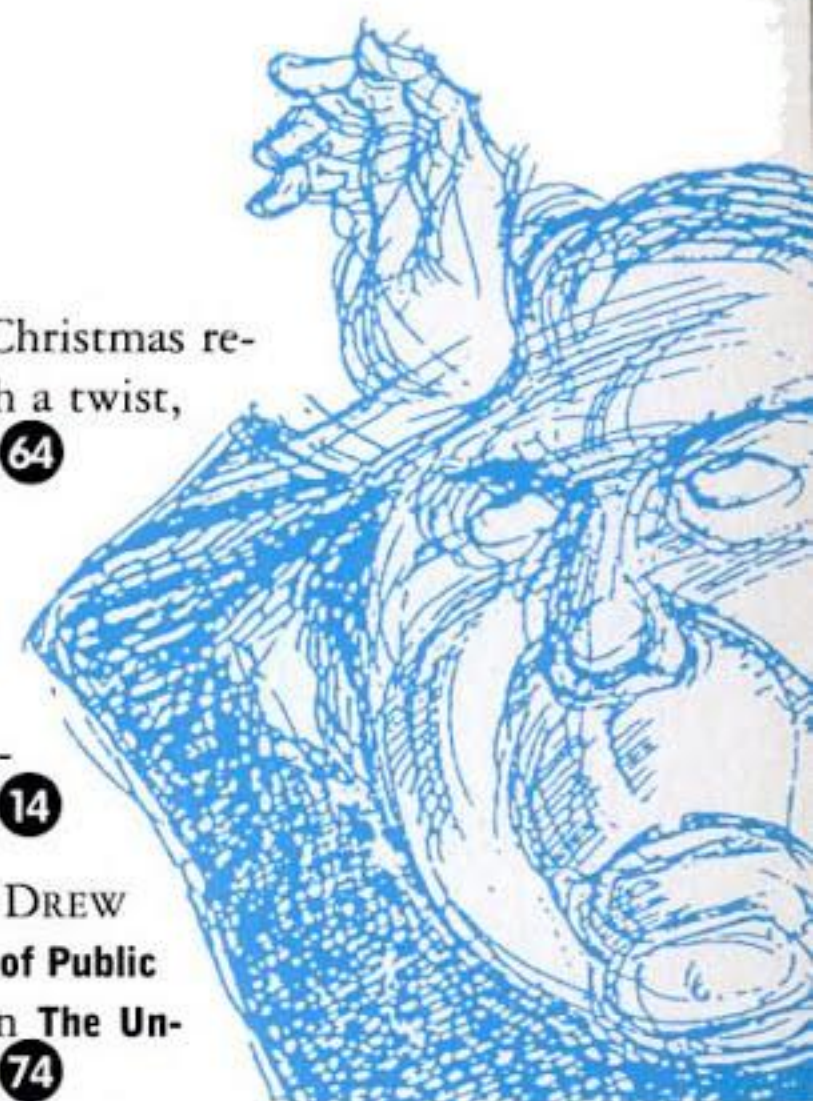
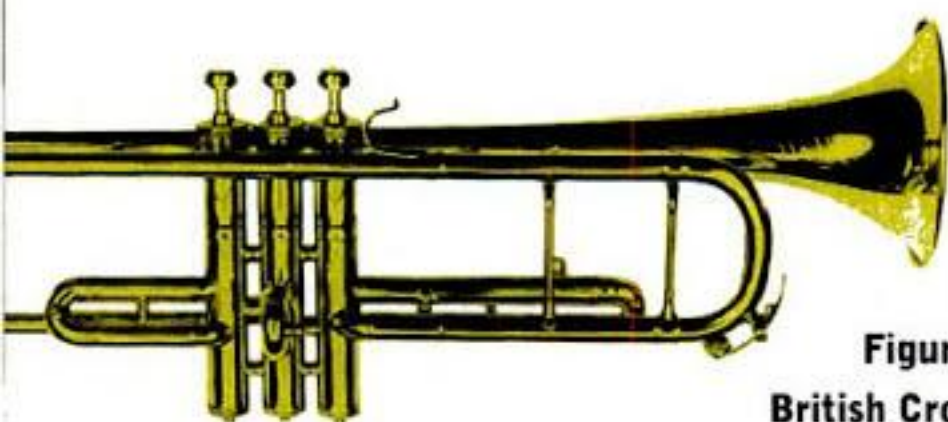
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
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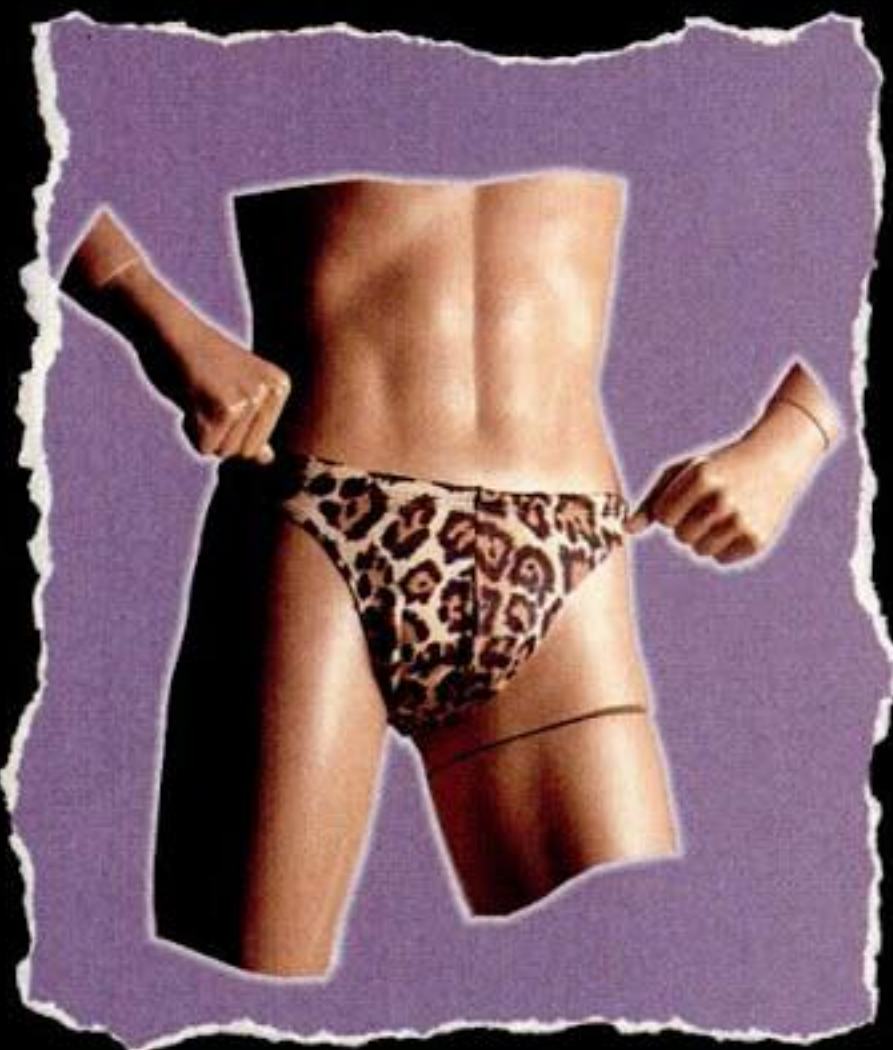


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# O Cool, Cool World

"Cool."—*Beavis and Butt-head*, 1993

Nineteen ninety-three—cool year. Hillary is cool, Kramer is cool, Reno is cool, Garry Shandling is cool. Conan is cool; Father Aristide is, too. Stern is cool, Imus is cool. Anne Rice is cool, like Michael Crichton and John Grisham. Coolness washes over *Home Improvement* like a busted faucet, surrounds *Roseanne* like a shower curtain. Murphy's cool, Brett's cool, Shannen's cool.

Scorsese's coolness is an ornament. Gus Van Sant's is a nose ring. Tim Burton's is a dagger in the back. Nicolas Cage is unruly cool, Stallone is retooled cool, Jeff Bridges is nobody's-fool cool. Is Kenneth Branagh cooler than Emma? Is Garth Brooks cooler than Guess jeans? Is Christian Slater cooler than surfing?

PowerBooks are cool, dysfunctional is cool, Suede is cool two ways, and Barry Diller's cool is huge. Ted Turner's cool. Si Newhouse is cool, Rupert Murdoch's cool. Dick Snyder and Judith Regan are fiercely cool, as are every one of the Mehtas—Sonny, Ved, Gita and Zubin.

Ice-T is eponymously cool, but no more cool than Whitney or Wesley. Condé Nast books that look like Robert Mapplethorpe albums are cool. Ditto every sponsor on every channel. Reginald Denny is cool, and so is Benetton. Rush Limbaugh is as cool as Fergie and Dick Cavett and Doc Martens and Marla and Whoppers malted-milk balls in a milk box and Del Monte Sloppy Joe Sauce, which—according to Dwight, 15, of Cleveland—is "extremely cool."

Co-dependency is cool, hubris and Sarajevo are cool, as are assisted suicides, firm fannies, claims of parental sex abuse, cloning human embryos and shooting husbands while they sleep.

All this and more is cool. So what is cool?

*Entertainment Weekly*, the Grand Inquisitor of cool, defined cool in its annual "Cool" issue. "COOL = HOT + X - HYPE, with X being that indefinable something—style, attitude, class—that has the power to swing the thermostat of popular culture...."

Not much help. Beware of definitions that include the phrase *that indefinable something*. Beware of house or-

gans for multibillion-dollar entertainment conglomerates that dump on "hype."

Once, in the thuggish, racist, sexist, crew-cut fifties—the fifties of corporate Stalinism and stupendous military stupidity, the fifties that curiously exploded with American arts and letters—cool made some sense. True, it was much complicated by angst, jazz and the smoke of countless Chesterfields, but it had a simple core. It meant dissent. It meant "We're different because we don't agree."

Lawrence Ferlinghetti and Hubert Humphrey had a hard time in the late sixties. So did cool. It was leapfrogged by its grungier brother, hip, and throughout the seventies it fell flat on its face. Early in the eighties it found a new label and staged a comeback—or, rather, a partial comeback. It adopted the clothes and hair and graphics and sitcoms and kitsch and cultural tics of the fifties, but none of that decade's ideas. You could dress like a faceless GM geek from 1958 and still work to save the planet from the pollution caused by GM cars. Cool.

Ironically, what cool had most despised in the fifties—television, because it knew television would always be Official America's most powerful weapon—it now embraced. Not all television, of course, just cool television. For television, it seemed, had changed, and now some of the programs put out by multinational, multibillion-dollar corporations were cooler than others. Some portion of this corporate output was, therefore, presumably, dissent. It was for people who said, "We're different" or "We don't agree." Pretty cool corporations.

David Letterman was the cheerleader of cool television. During his rise, media windbags wallowed in nonsense about *Late Night* being deconstructed television, postmodern television, the birth of video irony. Actually, it was just another talk show, albeit one whose host had learned, along with the rest of his generation, to distrust television. He and his audience shared a delicious guilty secret: They were doing the thing all right-thinking people thought was uncool. They were on TV! Cool!



## Great Expectations

If your yardstick is television—if TV is your bedrock reality, your lingua franca, your lodestar—this looks a lot like dissent. It isn't. Acknowledging that you're a manipulator or a manipulatee doesn't let you off the hook. It isn't irony, and it's certainly not dissent. Face it, you're a dupe. But hey, that's cool.

In the highly charged political environment of the eighties, Letterman's cool (the 2,000 pounds of onion dip, the pet tricks, the short-hand Top Ten humor) had an immense influence—especially on “hip,” alternative television (i.e., shows owned by smaller and more voracious multibillion-dollar corporations). It was heartland nuttiness free of disturbing social or cultural implications. All part of the smarty-pants put-on of the silly old box, sure, but in its context far more than just entertainment. It was called hip-to-be-square, but it was more than that. Letterman made it hip to be trivial.

That aspect of Letterman found a fascinating echo in the emergence of this magazine. SPY's 1986 publishing plan made much of its admiration for Letterman and what it saw as his ironic attitude toward his medium. It promised “fact-based” humor, which in the code of the comedy world meant non-seventies humor. The anarchic humor of the seventies (the spirit of *Animal House*, which informed the *National Lampoon* in its heyday, for instance, and the first few years of *Saturday Night Live*) had been satire-based, often salacious, with fanciful “what if” premises and broad anti-authoritarian targets. SPY defined itself against its predecessors, which it saw as noisy, extreme and offensive. Seventies humor had been hot, both politically and sexually. SPY would be cool.

In the event, the noisy, extreme and offensive magnificoes of Wall Street, Hollywood and SoHo gave SPY enough fact-based humor to get it hot, making it anti-authoritarian in the only sense that mattered at

the time—one of the few dissenting voices in a media wasteland of pro-corporate twaddle.

In the interim little has disturbed the notion that the proper study of comedy is the inconsequential side of life; as a reward, comedy—sad, depressing word!—has duly taken its place at the big table.

For real dissent, the effect of a culturewide fashion for the trivial has been chilling. Some call it irony, implying a weightier purpose to it than it affects. Uncool, dude. Irony is dissent in action. It's a means of tapering the blunt instrument of social frustration into a useful weapon. Irony makes anger amusing, rage acceptable, indignation effective. And though it is sometimes confused with cynicism, its dynamic is in quite the other direction.

Hip-to-be-trivial is nothing like that. Hip-to-be-trivial is disengagement, pure and simple. It's unambiguous noninvolvement. It's “Dissent is too much bother.” It's cool.

So what is cool? Cool is a permafrost of passionless gullibility that holds the nation rigid in its status quo. Cool is experience-free knowledge, all-knowing ignorance. Cool is a generation so conversationally challenged, so conditioned by one-way debates with a piece of furniture, that confronted by disagreement, it seeks to regulate what the other guy can and cannot say. Cool is a society that truly believes that a picture of someone expressing an idea is the same thing as the idea itself.

Cool, in fact, is a faith in pictures over words so devout that it makes reasoned discourse impossible, interpretation self-referential, art irrelevant, and the words and ideas that govern our polity incomprehensible. It doesn't do much, either, for the balance of community and individual imperatives that liberty assumes. Cool freedom is “my freedom”; cool rights are “my rights.”

Cool is a person who governs by pictures, votes by pictures, learns by pictures, communicates by pictures. In short, a barbarian. With one differ-

ence. Real barbarians are, in their fashion, free. These barbarians will be wholly owned and operated by Bell Atlantic-TCI.

Right after the Gulf War, the second-act closer of the great eighties musical, this magazine almost died. People seemed to suspect that with the passing of the decade it would pass, too, but it picked itself up and was nursed back to health. Since then it has been striving for a new identity, a new reason to live.

It has one. By every measure, 1993 should have been a year of reform and change. Instead the only significant Clinton policy initiative—health care—is a labyrinth in which lobbyists and special interests (the cancer cells of democracy) are free to roam and multiply. Our living rooms flicker with a meaningless puppet-show squabble between the so-called right and the so-called left. Over our heads the government cheerfully links arms with telecommunications and media monopolies and the happy-to-help celebritocracy. Mainstream magazines tag along, eager to be streetwalkers in the city of the future. It's one cool world.

This cool world, not simply its endless peccadilloes or reconfigurations of personnel, is SPY's target. We have no interest in being the loyal opposition to this new establishment. Its antidemocratic power, its arrogant assumptions, its fatuous verities, deserve to be ridiculed and exposed.

This spring in a new SPY, redesigned, renovated and refurbished, we intend to do just that.

Now more than ever, the nation needs a magazine of true dissent. A magazine that says, “We don't agree,” and can tell you why in a way you'll never forget.

Do we hate pictures? No—the right picture can be as eloquent as the right phrase. But we reject the cool wisdom that magazines can succeed only to the degree that they look like television shows on pulped wood.

The hell with that.

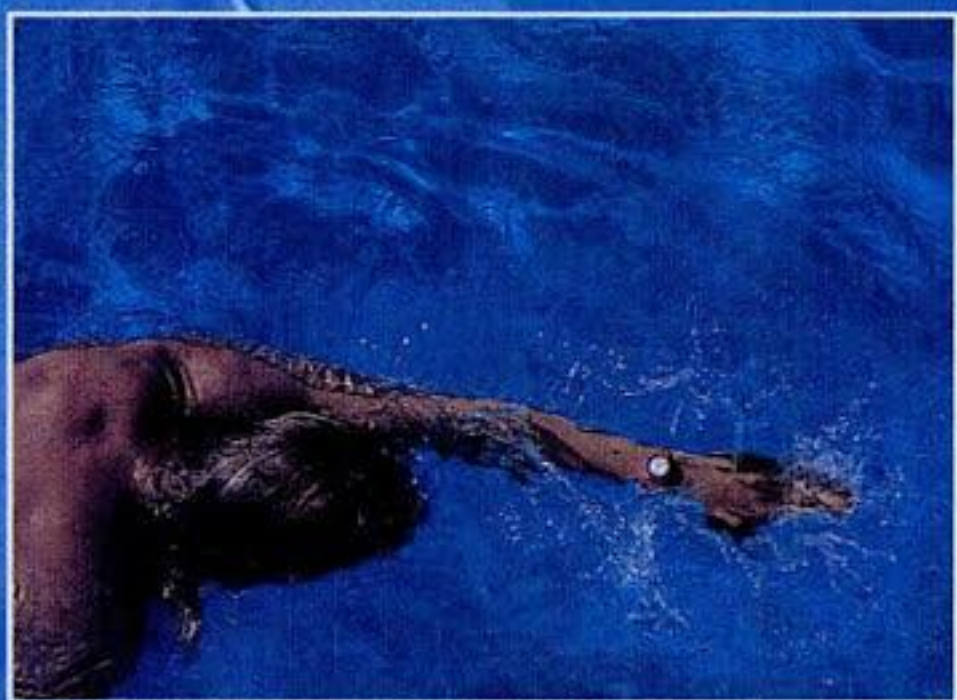
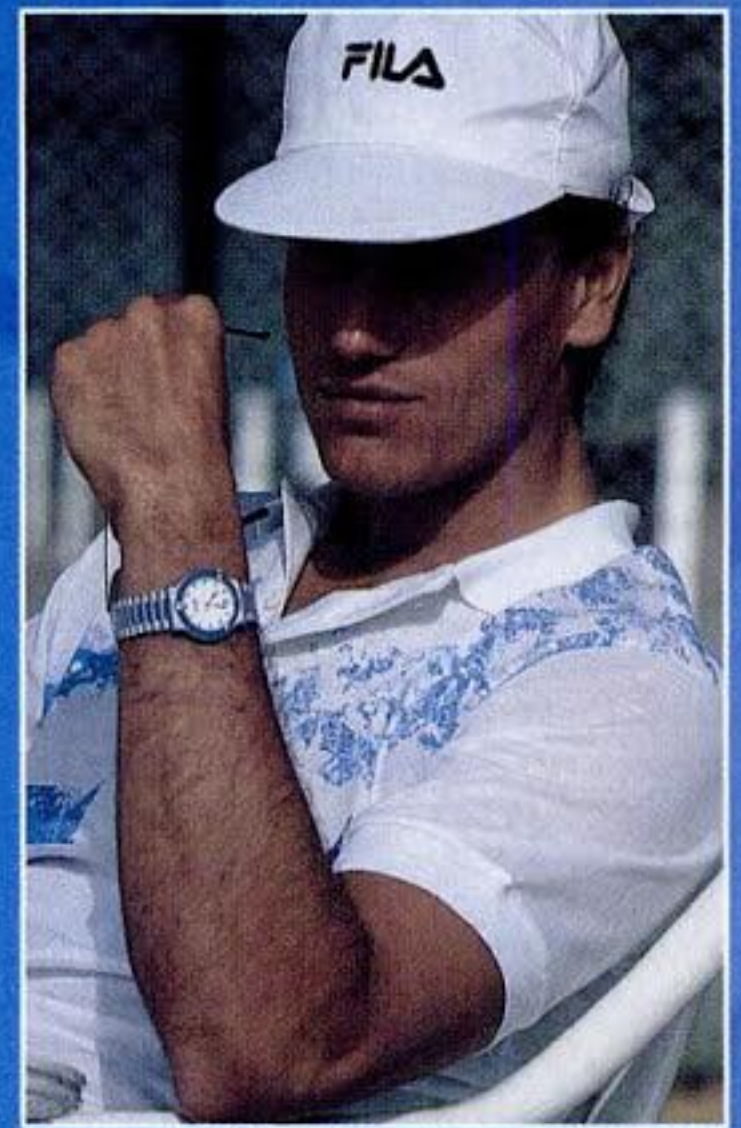
Goodbye, cool world. ☹





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**"I was looking** forward to experiencing your magazine," writes Sarah Burton of L.A., capturing the delicious anticipation of the moment in which she picked up her first issue of *SPY* ever (October). "But as I read the letters and your trite little comments about your readers, I was annoyed. You *do* realize that they are the ones that keep you in business, don't you?" Well, sure, Sarah, but not if they only buy *one* issue. She was also outraged by our cover photo of Michael Richards: "There wasn't an article or *anything* mentioned about *Seinfeld*! A very misleading cover." In our own defense, we did have a major Michael Richards-related feature set to run in the October issue, but it had to be held due to space constraints. Look for "*Problem Child: A Celebration*" in an upcoming issue.

As long as we're clearing up readers' misunderstandings and hurt feelings, we ought to state for the record that there is nothing in this issue, except for this paragraph, about Carly Simon. As L.A.'s Bill Fernandez points out, *SPY* was swept by "Carly-mania" in our August issue: "She's in the phony promotional supplement, *Dave!*, and in Party Poop. As a loyal subscriber, I would appreciate it if you would kindly publish photos of Hillary Clinton or Sharon Stone instead of Simon. Blackening their teeth with a marker never causes hand cramps." Whoa there, Bill. You put that marker down and leave the comedy to the professionals. But to his credit, Bill confirmed what we've suspected all along: that the *Dave!* supplement was phony. As we said in this space in October, some people—people with too-easy access to fax machines—couldn't quite accept that. They still can't, if David and Priscilla and Kathy and Reeves and Andrea of Warwick, Rhode Island, are any indication. Recently, well into the run of David Letterman's CBS ▶

## Letters to SPY

### Goodnight, Eighties

I disagree with your contention that the 1980s ended with the Crash of '87 ["The Fat Years: Highlights from a Historical Highpoint," by Larry Doyle, October]. That was merely the *beginning* of the end—the recession predicted to begin immediately didn't start for at least another two years, and the RJR Nabisco buyout, the largest of the so-called Greed Decade, took place a year *after* the crash.

My nomination for the end of the 1980s would be the week in February 1990 in which (1) Ivana Trump and the Donald split up and (2), more important, Drexel Burnham Lambert declared bankruptcy. *That* was the end of the end.

Daniel Case

West Amherst, New York

*Truth be told, Mr. Case, we're starting to believe that the 1980s ended in July 1980, when (1) Ronald Reagan hopelessly tainted the conservative cause by choosing George Bush as his running mate and (2), more important, Xanadu, Olivia Newton-John's follow-up to Grease, opened to terrible reviews and poor box office.*

Thanks for the 1980s time line. The U.S. Office of Personnel Management (the federal bureaucracy that will have no regulations if government is "reinvented") states in its newsletter that 11,400 air-traffic controllers were fired in 1981. No need for you to classify this mass firing of government workers as a mere "dismissing," or to assert that only 5,000 controllers were affected. Heck, if the federal government is gracious enough to "waive some requirements...concerning reinstatement of employees fired for cause," you should at least take on Joe Queenan's attitude

in his "In Search of Arrogance" [October] and classify this mass firing as another triumph for that economic model known as trickle-down. After all, at least 3,000 of the fired controllers want to return to Uncle Sam's embrace, despite the fact that the FAA is under a hiring freeze and only expects to hire about 200 controllers a year after the freeze is lifted. So it will take only 15 years for those 3,000, out of the original 11,400 fired 12 years ago, to have their former jobs trickle back down to them—what a fond reminder of the go-go 1980s that will linger into the next century!

Philip Bolus

Washington, D.C.

*First, we only asserted that Reagan dismissed 5,000 controllers on August 5. Second, we will grudgingly refrain from pointing out that fired and dismissed are synonyms, lest you classify this response to your letter as a mere "reply."*

In your rundown of the current whereabouts of 1980s icons, you mention that Pac-Man's peak came when he was named *Time*'s Man of the Year. Actually, that was the September 1982 issue of *Mad* that bestowed that honor. (That was *satire*. Get it?) *Time*, however, did name the computer "Machine of the Year," which may have been an equally stupid move.

Ron Ruelle

Nashville, Tennessee

*The mistake was the Encyclopedia of Pop Culture's, not ours. But, frankly, in late 1982 we were freebasing so much that we couldn't tell Cracked from U.S. News & World Report.*

### Guns N' Prozac

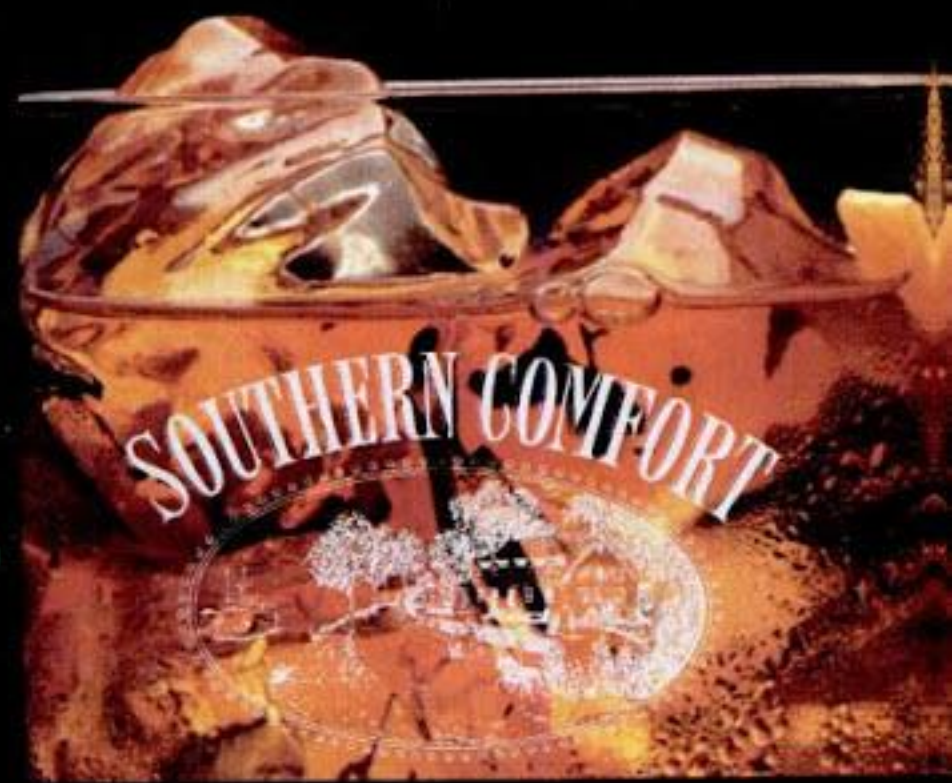
As a 1990s college student, I just wanted to say that *SPY*'s 1993 College Guide [October] made me positively





**You shouldn't need  
a season to be jolly.**

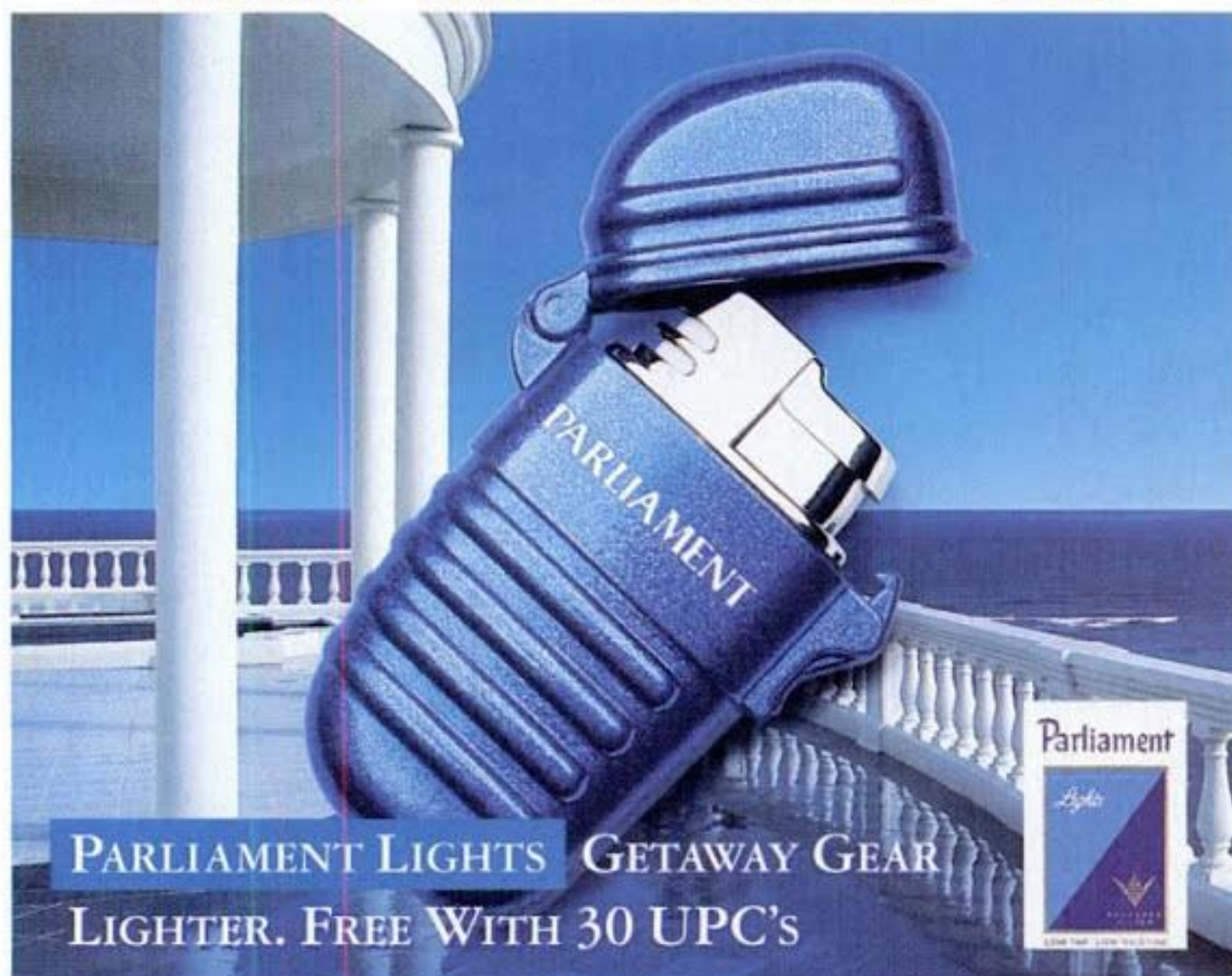
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program and well past the time when it should have become obvious that he was not answering faxes from viewers, this group sent a three-page, illustrated document to our *faux* Dave!-o-fax that said, among other things, "What did Al smell like?" "Can I get a job?" and "We want to have your children, Dave!!!" One thing this group has going for it, however—their letterhead is only *slightly* misleading: FROM A COUPLE A BORED STUPID PEOPLE.

**We've gotten a** few reactions to the article in our October college guide about Prozac ("Soma Kind of Wonderful," by Larissa MacFarquhar), only one of which is a seven-page missive that included, "Let's just say that Ms. MacFarquhar went too far-far-far. Too far into fiction. Too far from the facts. Just too, too, too MacFar-Far-Farquhar." Randall McDonald's rich Joycean wordplay so intoxicated us that we almost didn't notice his injunction to contact the "Citizens Commission on Human Rights," a well-known front organization for the Church of Scientology. Leaving aside for just a moment all matters Dianetic, it's worth noting that while Mr. McDonald read our piece as *pro*-Prozac, another reader complained about our *anti*-Prozac bias. Somewhere Akira Kurosawa is laughing—and not just at McDonald's hilarious "MacFar-Far-Farquhar" quip, either.

Baltimoreans Caroline Payson and Ned Balbo have some questions about our response to one of Greg Teta's questions (Letters to SPY, October). "Was it a fact-checker eager to get to lunch who came up with the date of November 21, 1963, 12:30 p.m. CST, as the moment you became such assholes? Or was it an eerie premonition that gripped you 30 years ago, exactly 24 hours before President Kennedy's assassination? Having checked our handy copy of the *Report of the Warren Commission on the Assassination of President Kennedy*, we're just curious." Caroline, Ned, we are sadly disappointed by your letter. It never fails to surprise us that, even now, there are people out there who believe the Warren Commission. ☹

sick. I lived in a dorm (on a loosely RA'ed coed hall, no less) my freshman year, but I got the hell out because I didn't think I was allowed to *do* anything. Now I live in my own apartment, and sure, I can get stoned four nights a week, but the last thing I needed to read was what I'm *still* missing. Tanker trucks of "bee"? Prozac? Dirty pictures? Homophobia? Racism? Murder? And I thought I *was* experiencing college life. Maybe I'll have to move back into the dorm next year.

By the way, what was all that Latin stuff supposed to mean?

Elaine Wilson  
Blacksburg, Virginia

With a degree in classical languages 20 years behind me, I still can't translate *dis aliter visum* in your college guide. The problem is *dis*, which can mean "rich" or "asunder," "apart" or "in a different direction" (rendering *aliter* redundant); or, with a capital *d*, "Pluto" (masculine, not agreeing with the neuter *visum*). So is it "a rich thing seen [or seems] otherwise," "elsewhere [*aliu-*

*bi* would be better here] it seems different," or "the Devil is seen otherwise"?

Liza Altman  
New York

The phrase means "The gods decreed otherwise." It's from the Aeneid, book II, in which Virgil explains why some classical-language grads can't perform basic translation.

Make that 18 "Actual College Courses for Beavises and Butt-heads" [October]. Beloit College offers "The Art of Magic" (Theater Arts 250W.A1): "This is the study of the history and uses of magic. Included will be biographies of selected magicians; types of magic; the performance of magic as a communications skill; magic as therapy."

Andrew McVie  
Beloit, Wisconsin

## Other Voices, Other Letters

Loved your September '93 parody of *The New Yorker*—bloody brilliant! I particularly enjoyed your retrospec-

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tive of future *New Yorker* covers. Keep up the good work, and remember—one if by land, two if by sea.

*Jim Vaseleck*  
New Hope, Pennsylvania

I first became a fan of Joe Queenan's

high-quality verbiage ["How Do the English Survive?" and "A Day in the Life of Johnny Brit," September, and "In Search of Arrogance," October] when I read his review of Robert Ludlum's *The Bourne Ultimatum* in *The Wall Street Journal*. Ever since,

everything I've read of his has been *at least* worth the paper it's printed on, if not substantially more! He's one of a very few writers whose name on the cover of a magazine compels me to buy it, regardless of the subject matter.

*Mike Turner*  
Atlanta, Georgia

This is in response to Roy Blount Jr.'s regret that so few people want to solve his Un-British Crossword Puzzle [September]. I subscribed to SPY for more than one reason, but the most important one turns out to have been the enjoyment I get out of the puzzles. I would love to work one every day, but I understand it's an underpaid profession.

*Pat Smith*  
Springfield, Illinois

What do you mean, underpaid? You can make big money in the privacy of your own home solving Mr. Blount's puzzles.

Cool experiment to try: Read pages 22 and 24 in the October 1993 Fine Print without reading the previous page. An Andy Rooney column in SPY!

*Rila Sims*  
Boca Raton, Florida

Here's another one: Cut out all the words in the October Fine Print and rearrange them in random order. It's an Abe Rosenthal column!

You scrimpit, scurfy sons of schiz-onts! I'll play Scrabble with anyone on your staff, give you a 50-point handicap and ten extra minutes on the chess clock, and promise only to use words that are understandable to the likes of you ["Fire in a Crowded Theater," by J. P. Olson, October]. (You pay the airfare to New York, and if I lose, I'll reimburse you.) Then we'll talk about IQs.

*Helaine Garren*  
Portland, Oregon

We wouldn't dare play you, Ms. Garren. After all, you were the only reader smart enough to discern that our article, ostensibly a mere list of interesting ethnic and race words found in the Scrabble dictionary, was actually intended as a

# The Beatles

## 1962-1966

THE GREATEST HITS FROM THE BEATLES' EARLY YEARS TOGETHER ON COMPACT DISC FOR THE FIRST TIME!

LOVE ME DO	I FEEL FINE	DAY TRIPPER
PLEASE PLEASE ME	TICKET TO RIDE	DRIVE MY CAR
FROM ME TO YOU	YESTERDAY	NORWEGIAN WOOD (THIS BIRD HAS FLOWN)
SHE LOVES YOU	HELP!	NOWHERE MAN
I WANT TO HOLD YOUR HAND	YOU'VE GOT TO HIDE YOUR LOVE AWAY	MICHELLE
ALL MY LOVING	WE CAN WORK IT OUT	IN MY LIFE
CAN'T BUY ME LOVE		GIRL
A HARD DAY'S NIGHT		PAPERBACK WRITER
AND I LOVE HER		ELEANOR RIGBY
EIGHT DAYS A WEEK		YELLOW SUBMARINE



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All Tracks Produced By George Martin

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grave insult directed at Scrabble cranks the world over.

Please pledge to print one photograph of naked male genitalia for every gratuitous female boob or crotch shot. Why is it only women

you must humiliate?

Heidi Uppgaard

Minneapolis, Minnesota

No photo we have ever run has been gratuitous. We nevertheless once printed a photo of naked male genitalia. Does that mean we get a freebie?

SPY welcomes letters from its readers. Address correspondence to SPY, The SPY Building, 5 Union Square West, New York, N.Y. 10003. Typewritten letters are preferred. Please include your daytime telephone number. Letters may be edited for length or clarity. ☺

## Tipping Aloud

Turn Leads Into Gold With SPY's

# Dishline™



As part of our effort to report the latest, hottest stories, we at SPY rely on tips phoned in by civic-minded readers. Now, in the hope of encouraging more tipping, SPY has endowed its own 900 number, the SPY Dishline™.

The procedure is simple: Readers with a story to share can dial **1-900-TELL-ALL**, relate the pertinent details and leave a name and a number where they can be reached. We will, of course, oblige tippers who don't want their name near any story that eventually sees print.

The cost of the call is 99 cents per minute—just enough to cover our expenses—and any tip we use will be paid for at the usual SPY contributor's rate. Callers should be at least 18 years of age.

# The Beatles

## 1967-1970

THE GREATEST HITS FROM THE BEATLES' LATER YEARS TOGETHER  
ON COMPACT DISC FOR THE FIRST TIME!

STRAWBERRY FIELDS  
FOREVER

PENNY LANE

SGT. PEPPER'S LONELY  
HEARTS CLUB BAND

WITH A LITTLE HELP  
FROM MY FRIENDS

LUCY IN THE SKY WITH  
DIAMONDS

A DAY IN THE LIFE

ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE

I AM THE WALRUS

HELLO, GOODBYE

THE FOOL ON THE HILL

MAGICAL MYSTERY TOUR

LADY MADONNA

HEY JUDE

REVOLUTION

BACK IN THE U.S.S.R

WHILE MY GUITAR  
GENTLY WEEPS

OB-LA-DI, OB-LA-DA

GET BACK

DON'T LET ME DOWN

THE BALLAD OF  
JOHN AND YOKO

OLD BROWN SHOE

HERE COMES THE SUN

COME TOGETHER

SOMETHING

OCTOPUS'S GARDEN

LET IT BE

ACROSS THE UNIVERSE

THE LONG AND  
WINDING ROAD



EACH RE-MASTERED DOUBLE CD OR DOUBLE CASSETTE INCLUDES A 4-COLOR BOOKLET  
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## Rotten to the Whore

Hollywood's relief over the Michael Jackson scandal eclipsing the Heidi Fleiss scandal seems fated to be short-lived. A piece in October's *Premiere* magazine, exonerating Michael Nathanson and Columbia and painting them as victims of the evil mastermind Heidi, was to be the last word. A source told me as long as two months ago that Columbia executives were counting on the article. Indeed, it read as though it had been written by Columbia's publicity head, wunderkind Mark Gill. Shortly after its publication, Gill fired Doug Taylor, his second in command, whom he had long suspected of being the source of the leaks linking Columbia to the scandal. Actually, Gill was wrong. Instead of looking sideways, he should have looked up and out. A prime suspect would have been a former Columbia chief executive who wanted to deflect the investigation away from himself.

That Heidi was just a small cog in the wheel of a much larger criminal apparatus, and that her arrest was engineered and directed by the LAPD's Organized Crime Intelligence Division, are facts I neglected to mention when I wrote about Fleiss in *Us* (the October issue) and *SPY* (November). The idea of blowing an ongoing investigation just didn't sit well with me as a former cop. The Organized Crime Intelligence Division, which takes great pride in keeping organized crime out of everyday life in L.A.—if not out of the boardrooms—is specifically investigating mob-money laundering by some of the denizens of Movieland.

The police have subpoenaed quite a hefty supply of banking records, though, and by the end of this year a number of well-known figures in Hollywood should get to know the inside of the L.A. County lockup up close and personal-like. The next issue of *SPY* will feature a story on the whole investigation.

Don Simpson, who has not produced anything since signing a five-year contract in 1991 with Disney, is

adopting a more ascetic lifestyle. Recently, two of Heidi Fleiss's former associates attempted to gain access to a party being held at Simpson's home but were stopped at the door by Simpson himself. "You're too hot to come to my parties now," he told them, though there were other hookers there at the time. One of the banned sybarites tried to argue the point but eventually left. The next day, tire-biter-to-the-stars Anthony Pellicano appeared at her door and threatened her.

One Hollywood mogul told me that meanwhile, over at Paramount, members of the inner circle have all arranged golden parachutes for themselves and air-sickness bags for everyone else, and that no matter who is successful in taking over Paramount, president and COO Stanley Jaffe is history. Barry Diller has already taken the

extraordinary step of asking Disney chairman Jeffrey "Sparky" Katzenberg to run Paramount if QVC prevails. Paramount has taken the even more extraordinary step of reducing this year's bonuses in an attempt to bolster its bottom line.

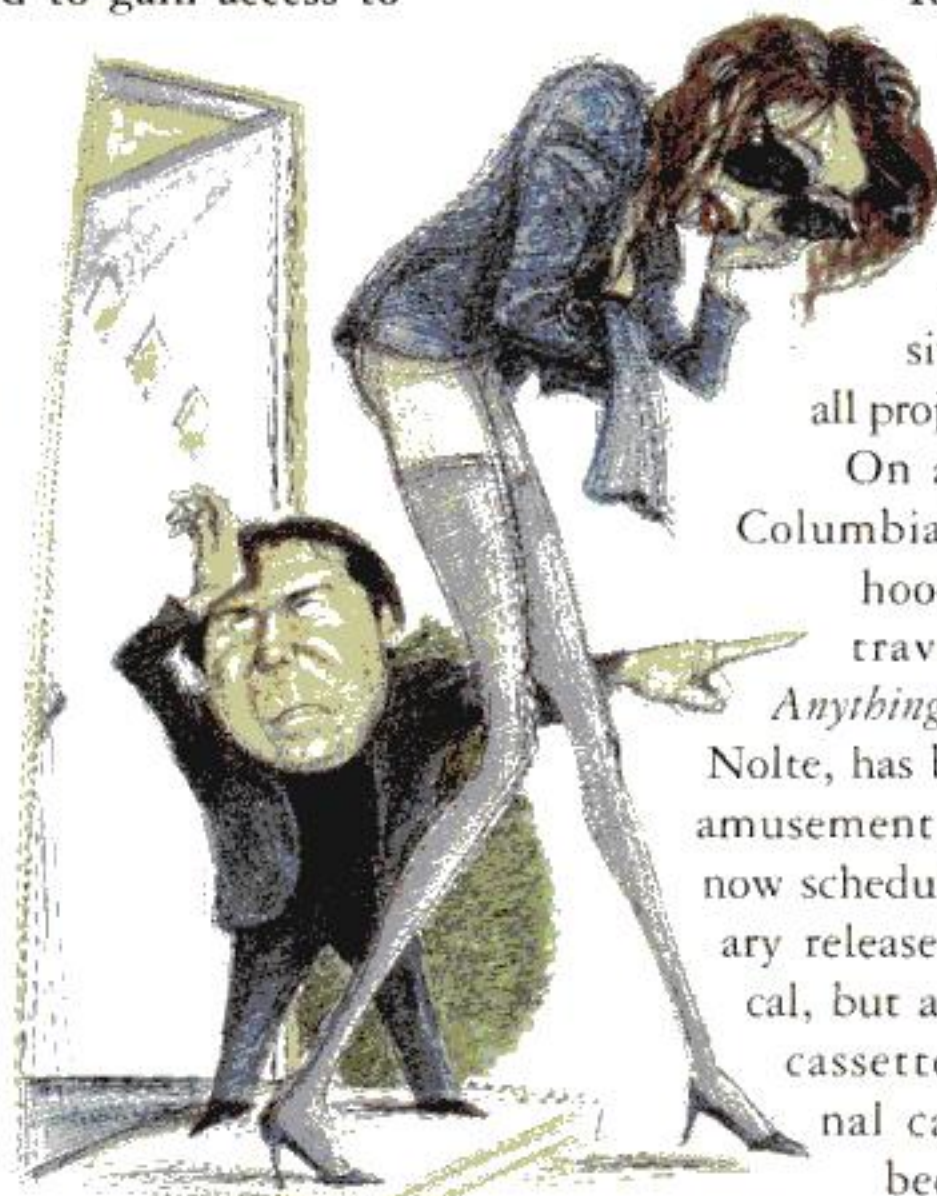
Some Hollywood producers would consider any degree of stability at Paramount a blessing. The numerous permutations in executive authority over the last few years have one old-time producer submitting dailies addressed

"To whom it may concern." Paramount's being put into play has only added to the indecisiveness; basically all projects are on hold.

On a lighter note, Columbia's much-ballyhooed musical extravaganza *I'll Do Anything*, starring Nick Nolte, has been a source of amusement. The movie is now scheduled for a February release as a nonmusical, but a bootleg audio-cassette of the original cast album has been making the rounds. One post-production executive at Columbia likes to play the track of Nolte singing the title song, while observing incredulously, "Can you believe this shit?"

Sparky Katzenberg, who is scheduled to begin filming *I Love Trouble*, starring Nolte and Julia Roberts, is not amused. Rumors that Mortons plans to play the tape on Monday nights are without merit.

—John Connolly



Pious Don puts out the trash

**Simpson banished two of Heidi's associates, declaring, "You're too hot to come to my parties now"**





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AS SERIOUS AS YOU CAN GET

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## Admit It! It Sucks! Part I: Jazz

**You know the feeling:** A friend calls, says he has two tickets to see Wynton Marsalis at the Blue Note, the 11:00 p.m. show, Thursday night. *Fantastic!*, you gasp, mindful of what a national treasure the solemn young trumpeter, archivist and cultural point man has become. You love jazz, you absolutely *love* jazz; it's black classical music, after all—the *only truly American art form*—and you've always wished you had more time to devote to 'Trane, Miles and Bird. You've always been awed by the technical virtuosity of these music titans; you've always had so much respect for their integrity, for their refusal to sell out and play three-chord rock 'n' roll *just for the money*. You sided with Wynton in his alleged feud with Branford—taking that gig on *The Tonight Show* was one thing, but playing with Sting was beyond the pale.

Oh, yes, you'd love to join your friend Thursday night...but...but...well, there's that 7:30 a.m. meeting on Friday, and parking is kind of tight in the Village, and being in a smoke-filled room isn't really good for your asthma, and, oh yeah, Mom's coming up for the weekend. So you beg off.

But after you put down the phone, you know that it's time to be honest with yourself. You didn't really blow off a chance to see Wynton because of your job, or your asthma, or Mom's visit, or out of fear that your car would get broken into. You blew off your friend because deep down inside, gnawing away in your bosom, is an ugly, horrible secret that you dare not share with anyone else—even though everybody else in the country shares it.

Jazz sucks.

Admit it and you'll feel a whole lot better. You've never had the slightest interest in an art form dominated by guys named Toots and Dizzy and Philly Joe Something-or-Other. From the first time you heard Art Tatum playing "Tea for Two," you've always felt that jazz is a dipshit idiom that chomps the big one.

Talk about hokey: The same week that Wynton is playing at the Blue Note, Herbie Mann and Jasil Brazz are playing at the Vanguard, and some jumbo-size trumpet player named Freddie Hubbard is squawking out a bunch of bogus sambas at the Village Gate. Next week, Bucky Pizzarelli and Maynard Ferguson will be at Fat Tuesday's with Illinois Jacquet and Gerry Mulligan, playing a tribute to the mighty Thelonious Monk. If it's not Sonny Sharrock and Sonny Stitt honoring the late, great Sun Ra at the Knitting Factory, it's Donald Byrd honoring Charlie Byrd at Birdland. Nameswise, jazz is, like, Elmersville.

With one or two exceptions—Coltrane, Miles—jazz is an art form that has always been dominated by fat old men in sunglasses and ridiculous suits playing songs with names like "Goodbye Pork Pie Hat" and "Epistrophy." And talk about role

models: The most famous jazz musician of them all was a tubby old trumpet player who ended up singing "Hello, Dolly!" with Streisand while wiping his forehead with a soggy handkerchief like some lard-butt umpire at Wrigley Field on Nickel Beer Night. The second-most-famous jazz musician was a self-anointed duke who wrote ghastly songs like "Satin Doll." The third-most-famous jazz musician was an emaciated junkie

who used to play with his back to the audience and occasionally sprayed the folks in the front row while spitting into his instrument. The list of deadbeats goes on and on. Stan Getz? Junkie. Chet Baker? Junkie. Charlie Parker? Junkie. Oscar Peterson? Fat, old, boring ivory-tinkler.

Jazz musicians always act like they're doing you a big favor just by being there. They play 32-minute sets, including encores, and

spend half the time haranguing you because you don't come more often, don't listen to WBGO and never bought

their watershed 1962 album *Out of the Bop and Into the Cool*, which had tracks like "Chitlins Con Carne" and "Happy Feet Blues," with liner notes by Nat Hentoff or Leonard Feather. They make you feel guilty because you don't own more CDs by



**With few exceptions, jazz is an art form that has been dominated by fat old men in sunglasses**





# Primo Holiday Recipe:

1 Cuervo Gold Gift Box

1 Lime

Salt

20 Outrageous Friends



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# Here's the secret to making new Nickelodeon Videos.

(don't try this at home)



Fresh from the Nickelodeon processing plant, it's the all-new Nickelodeon Home Video Collection. From now on you'll be able to watch your favorite Nick shows anytime you want — morning, noon or night.



digitally impaired dead Belgians named Django; make fun of Elvis and Nirvana; then rip into a 27-minute version of "Someday My Prince Will Come." And they expect you to be grateful.

Admit it: Jazz is Cornball Canyon. At least rock stars with jerkwater names like Bill Wyman or Bill Bailey have the good sense to disappear inside a band called the Rolling Stones or change their names to Axl. And they never, ever call themselves things like Michael Stipe and the Rock Messengers. But jazz musicians actually think it's cool to name the band after a Cannonball Adderley or a Herbie Mann or a Herbie Hancock. Face it: An art form that has more than one Herbie in it is an art form that's in big trouble.

Snobs are always jumping on rock 'n' roll because it's a bastard genre that is large enough and amorphous enough to include Lesley Gore, Jim Croce, the Monkees, Michael Bolton and both Hall and Oates. Oh, so jazz is a big improvement? Isn't André Previn a jazz musician? Isn't Chuck Mangione a jazz musician? Wasn't Bing Crosby a jazz musician? How about all that Claude Bolling jazz-meets-classical horseshit? And didn't Neil Diamond star in a movie called *The Jazz Singer*?

And then there's Mel Tormé. Rock 'n' roll stars have nicknames like Killer, the Thin White Duke, the Motor City Mad Man and the Wicked Pickett, and say things like "Hello, Cleveland; are you ready to rock and roll?" or "Father...I want to kill you." Jazz stars have nicknames like the Velvet Fog and say things like "It don't mean a thing if it ain't got that swing." Every year Mel Tormé gives interviews in which he bemoans the deaths of Jerome Kern, George Gershwin and Irving Berlin and the artistic

eclipse of Johnny Mercer. Then he lists the working songwriters he most admires: Barry Manilow, Janis Ian, Billy Joel, Stevie Wonder. Jesus, Mel, how could you leave out Marvin Hamlisch?

So come clean and admit that the real reason you didn't take that ticket was pure dread, the primal fear that halfway through his set Wynton would announce that he's going to do a medley of such classics as "Stella by Starlight," "Girl from Ipanema" and "A-Tisket A-Tasket." Admit that you're afraid one of your friends will see you coming out of a club where the band has just finished a two-hour rendition of "April in Paris" after inviting a bunch of "special guests" up onto the stage. Inevitably, these guests will include a sideman

**Rock 'n' roll stars have nicknames like the Motor City Mad Man. Jazz stars have nicknames like the Velvet Fog.**

named Snooky, a session man named Red and a hepcat named Chick. Admit that the reason you turned down the ticket was the paralyz-

ing fear that at some point in his set Wynton would start lecturing you about Sidney Bechet or Dexter Gordon, and threaten to go to France or Denmark and change his name to Rashad or Pharaoh if you don't buy another \$12 margarita or a \$20, cutting-edge CD titled *The Amazing Marsalises Play the Standards: Vol. IV*. Admit that you begged off because you wouldn't want to be seen dead in a room where the bass player takes 20 minutes to get through his solo on "Autumn Leaves," knowing full well that you'd still have to suffer through the drummer's 12-minute cowbell solo on "'Round About Midnight" and the clarinetist's 19-minute solo on "My Funny Valentine." These aren't a few of your favorite things; these aren't a few of *anybody's* favorite things. So forget about taking the A train; take five.

—Joe Queenan

# The new Nickelodeon videos. (definitely try these at home)



So what's the story  
with all these Nick videos,  
anyway?

Well, there's Ren and  
Stimpy tapes. Rugrats  
tapes. Tapes of Doug.  
Even tapes that feature  
the best of SNICK.

They're all put together  
in ways you've never  
seen before, and each  
includes more great stuff  
like "Inside Out Boy"  
or "Ask Dr. Stupid."

So cruise on out and  
pick up some tapes  
today. They're the most  
useful things to watch  
Nick with since eyeballs.

And oh yeah, look for  
the new Ren and Stimpy  
album, "You Eediot!" **SONY**  
on CDs and cassettes. **WONDER**

**NICKELODEON**

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# Consume Mass Quantities Clinton's Secret Health Plan?

"It is theoretically possible to meet your Recommended Daily Allowance needs by eating massive quantities of junk food," says Evelyn Tribole, R.D., a self-described dietitian to the stars based in Beverly Hills. "But you really need to eat from a variety of food sources."

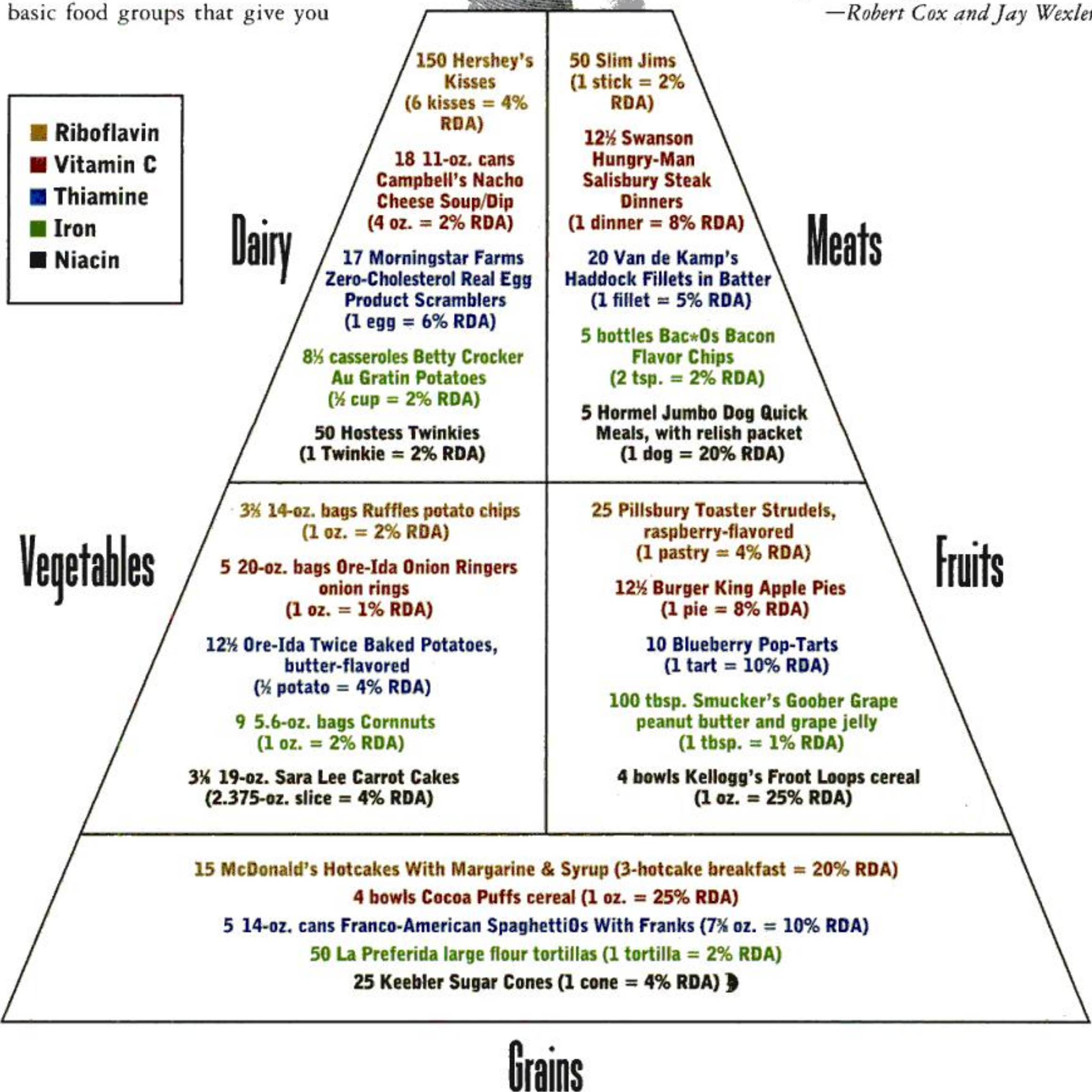
No problem.

Using the chart below, you can plan complete meals from all five basic food groups that give you

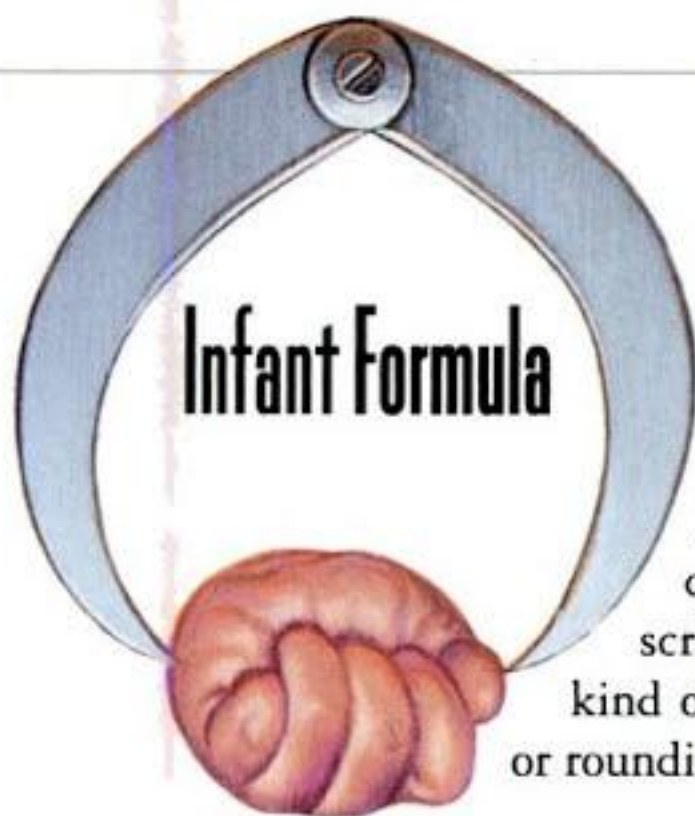


100 percent of your daily requirements of five essential vitamins and minerals. Sample menu: breakfast, 100 tablespoons of Smucker's Goober Grape peanut butter and grape jelly; lunch, 50 Slim Jims and 50 Hostess Twinkies; dinner, 5 cans of SpaghettiOs With Franks and 5 20-ounce bags of Ore-Ida onion rings. *A buon gusto!*

—Robert Cox and Jay Wexler







## One-Fisted Prose from Small-minded Writers

Journalists are a contentious lot, but at least they can agree on something—the proper way to describe an item that is, oh, about the size of, well, kind of small, but not, you know, *too* small, and round, or roundish, anyway.

—Brian Jacobsmeyer

"Tiny artichokes, about **the size of a baby's fist**, were often brought to my family's kitchen by my uncle from Carmel."—Antonia Allegra, *Los Angeles Times*, May 2, 1993 ♦ "Somewhere out in the Caribbean...lies [Captain Henry Morgan's] lost treasure, sunken chests of gold doubloons, rubies and sapphires **the size of a baby's fist**...."—*Daily Telegraph* (London), December 17, 1992 ♦ "You wrap these [Jimmy Dean's Microwaveable Mini-Cheeseburgers] sandwiches—about **the size of a baby's fist**—in paper towels and stick them in the microwave."—*Chicago Tribune*, September 3, 1992 ♦ "Some of the most appetizing dishes I had ever seen: green olives **the size of a baby's fist** stuffed with salty anchovies...."—Max Jacobson, *Los Angeles Times*, April 9, 1992 ♦ "The seats [of the Mercedes 400SE] are small thrones, the gearshift knob **the size of a baby's fist**."—*Los Angeles Times*, November 7, 1991 ♦ "No adding a lump of butter '**the size of a baby's fist**'—[Fannie Farmer] insisted on precision."—*Washington Times*, August 2, 1990 ♦ "Dessert, a strawberry-rhubarb pie...garnished with a bittersweet chocolate-covered strawberry **the size of a baby's fist**, was marvelous."—*San Francisco Chronicle*, June 6, 1990 ♦

"...Two glass jewel-encrusted crosses by John Torreano, a past master at fitting baubles, often **the size of a baby's fist**, into canvas or wooden structures."—*New York Times*, December 10, 1989 ♦ "A pustule has erupted on his...collarbone [Richard E. Grant's, in *How to Get Ahead in Advertising*]. In no time, it turns into a little head **the size of a baby's fist**."—Jay Carr, *Boston Globe*, May 19, 1989 ♦ "The boil [on Richard E. Grant's collarbone in *How to Get Ahead in Advertising*] develops a face. When it's about **the size of a baby's fist**, it begins to talk to him."—Vincent Canby, *New York Times*, March 30, 1989 ♦ "The [Morse] museum is a warehouse of faded animal skins, bones, skulls, horns, beetles **the size of a baby's fist**."—UPI, July 29, 1984 ♦ "Nurses pull the gut back out of the way. The blown prosthesis fragments further. It excretes a clot **the size of a baby's fist**."—*The Atlantic*, May 1983 ♦ "Even the De Beers diamond, at 234.65 carats, and **the size of a baby's fist**, has shown itself vulnerable in a recession."—*The Economist*, May 15, 1982 ♦ "John Wayne was admitted to Good Samaritan Hospital, where doctors removed most of one lung and a malignant tumor '**the size of a baby's fist**.'"—AP, June 12, 1979 ♦

## The Fine Print

by Louis Theroux



### Mishaps Я Us

Gift shopping for small children is never easy. Will the parents object to militaristic toys? Will the youngster feel gypped if he gets a "wearing" present? And most worrying of all, is the gift likely to kill or maim him?

With this last concern in mind and the holidays upon us, we took a look at the U.S. Consumer Product Safety Commission's data on recent toy-related deaths and injuries. The filings break down into roughly three categories. First, incidents involving intrinsically dangerous toys. A few examples:

Sunrise, Kentucky: "An eight-year-old white female had an allergic reaction when exposed to the contents of a 'magic bomb bag' toy exploding device. It was necessary for the victim to visit her physician to receive an injection and ointment for her eyes." Attleboro, Massachusetts: "Apparently a toy stuffed animal is stuffed with toxic plastic sheets." Triangle, Virginia: "A sharp, metal, ice-pick-shaped object was packed in toy blocks." Paragould, Arkansas: "A three-year-old boy, who was left unattended for a few minutes, sustained acid burns to his face when playing with a battery-operated toy 'talking' typewriter. His mother later found a battery with the cap end, 'off' on the carpet." Huntersville, North Carolina:

## Celebrity Math Chapter 8



William Hurt

X



John Davidson

=



John Tesh

—Mark O'Donnell



"This investigation involved a 12-year-old male who was injured while playing with a flying disc. The boy followed directions to attach the disc with monofilament line to a wristband which he wore. He threw the disc and when it came back, it struck him, causing eye abrasions and swollen face." Tempe, Arizona: "A six-year-old boy was floating on top of his water toy when it suddenly shot up out of the water and struck the 35-year-old victim in his face and left eye. The victim suffered nerve damage." Covina, California: "The animal-shaped head of a pull toy detached during use, exposing a sharp stick."

Missoula: "A 13-year-old male got his face covered with a red powder when a squeezable ball toy exploded during play." Dublin, California: "A TV screen shattered when a balloon was drawn to it."

Other incidents involve toys that, while not intrinsically dangerous, could pose a hazard under certain conditions—for instance, if ingested by the child, or thrown very hard at him.

Klamath Falls, Oregon: "A two-year-old male was bruised when a sibling threw a softball with noise make [sic] inside at his head."

Tampa: "A 75-year-old female died after she fell onto the tiled floor with her head on a stuffed animal." (The suspect products in this last case were listed as "Toys, Not Elsewhere Classified" and "Floors or Flooring Materials.") Yonkers: "A 42-year-old female

## Home Sweet Home Invasion

### The SPY Interview: Ice-T

Superstar rapper-provocateur Ice-T's philosophies on life are scheduled for publication in his first book, *The Ice Opinion*, in February. For those who can't wait, SPY talked to him exclusively about the two subjects with which America has come to identify him: television and child-rearing.

—Gregg Stebben

**SPY:** How do you guide your one-year-old son Baby Ice's television watching?

**Ice-T:** He can watch anything; I'm just kinda there to make it real. If he's watching *The Terminator*, I think he should have a parent there to say, "You know, that's not real."...Let me tell you something about this kid—he comes into the bedroom one morning and sprays me with a hair dryer—I mean, "Prprprprpr-pow!" And I'm like, "Oh, shit...I guess he's been watching TV." So we went and got him some toy guns. What did you watch as a kid?

I watched cartoons like *Winky Dink*, where you had to get a special screen to stick on your TV and when Winky Dink got stuck in a hole, you'd have to draw him a rope. It had a song: "Winky Dink and you, Winky Dink and me, always have a lot of fun together." *Winky Dink*, man! *Winky Dink* was some O.G. [Original Gangster, one of Ice-T's recent albums] shit! That was back in the days of *Gigantor*, *Kimba the White Lion* and *Space Ghost...Eighth Man*, from the eighth dimension. He had a song, too: "There's a prehistoric monster that came from outer space, created by the Martians to destroy the human race, the FBI is helpless, he's 20 stories tall, what

can you do, who can we call...?" [Laughs.] How were you guided in TV watching?

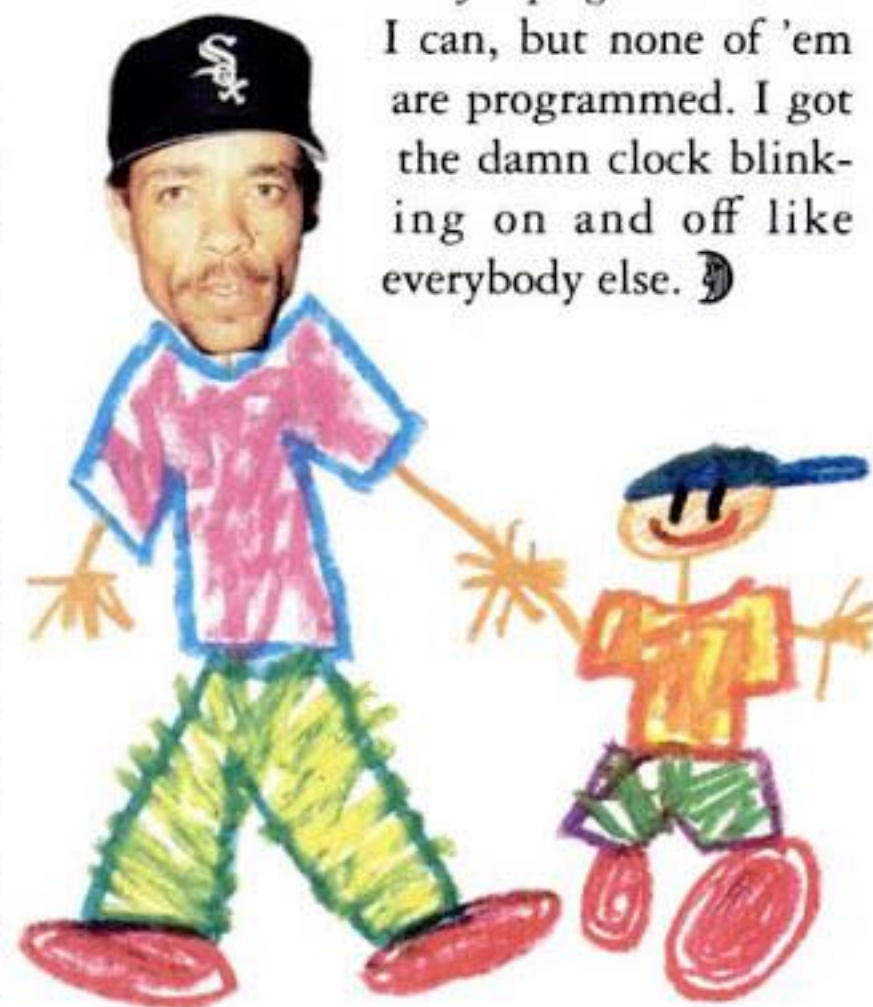
They said, "You can't just see TV during the week," when I moved out [to L.A.] with my aunt. So what I did was join a gang, which was even better than watching TV.

Do you watch a lot of TV now?

Yeah. I watch a lot of old movies like *The Maltese Falcon* and *Citizen Kane*, and lots of cartoons....I watch *Video Jukebox*, because I can dial in what I want to see.

Can you program a VCR?

I can, but none of 'em are programmed. I got the damn clock blinking on and off like everybody else. ☾



## Separated at Birth?



Woman of the right  
Marilyn Quayle...



and woman of the  
night Heidi Fleiss?



NAFTA man Mickey  
Kantor...



and laffta man Bob  
Denver?





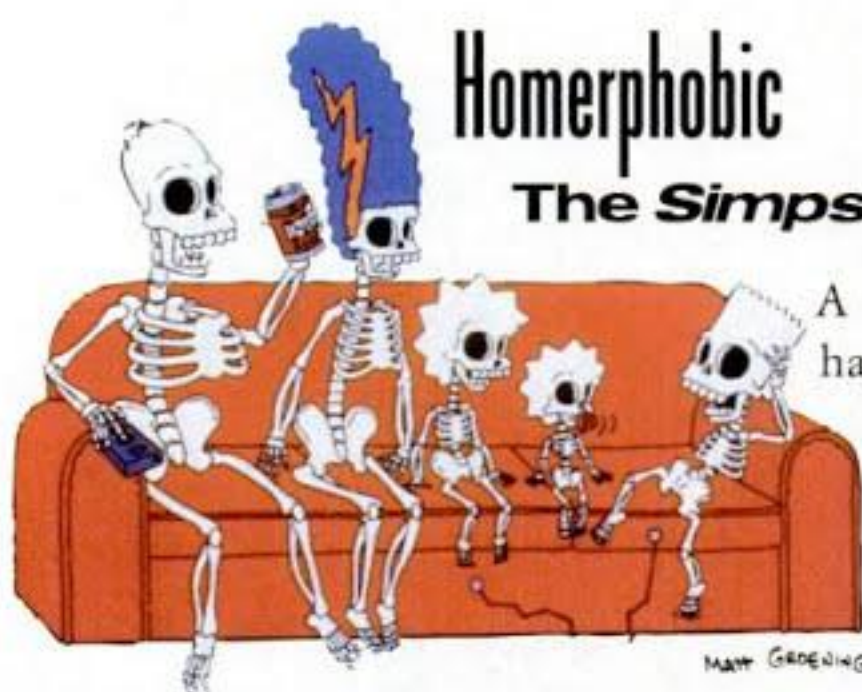
**YOU WOULD BE PERFECTLY  
HAPPY WITHOUT THESE JEANS.**



sustained a lacerated cornea when her four-year-old grandson hit her in the eye with a toy sword he was playing with. The victim was sitting on the couch in the living room of her daughter's house." Seaford, New York: "While using and loading a toy gun, a 59-year-old female was hit with a plastic hard disc (projectile) on the left cheek below the eye. Complainant did not pull the trigger during the operation. After the incident, complaint [sic] reloaded the plastic gun with another plastic disc and this time handed the toy to her four-year-old grandson. The same incident occurred except the grandson was hit on the left side of his forehead."

The third category is the mystery-incident category: cases in which there is no apparent injury or danger, yet which have merited filing nonetheless.

Rex, Georgia: "A five-year-old male continually puts a clear container of a building block set over his head." Pittsburgh: "The fiberfill doll was loosing [sic] its filling." Asheville, North Carolina: "A seven-year-old female got modeling clay stuck in her hair." Hewlett, New York: "Consumer feels that a Halloween hockey mask does not have the proper label to let kids know that it is not used for playing hockey." Carlsbad, California: "A two-year-old male chewed on toy sponges [sic] used in the bathtub." Richmond, Indiana: "A cap gun resembles a real gun." Honolulu: "Paint is flaking off a wooden push toy." ☹



## Homerphobic

### The Simpsons Voice-over Curse

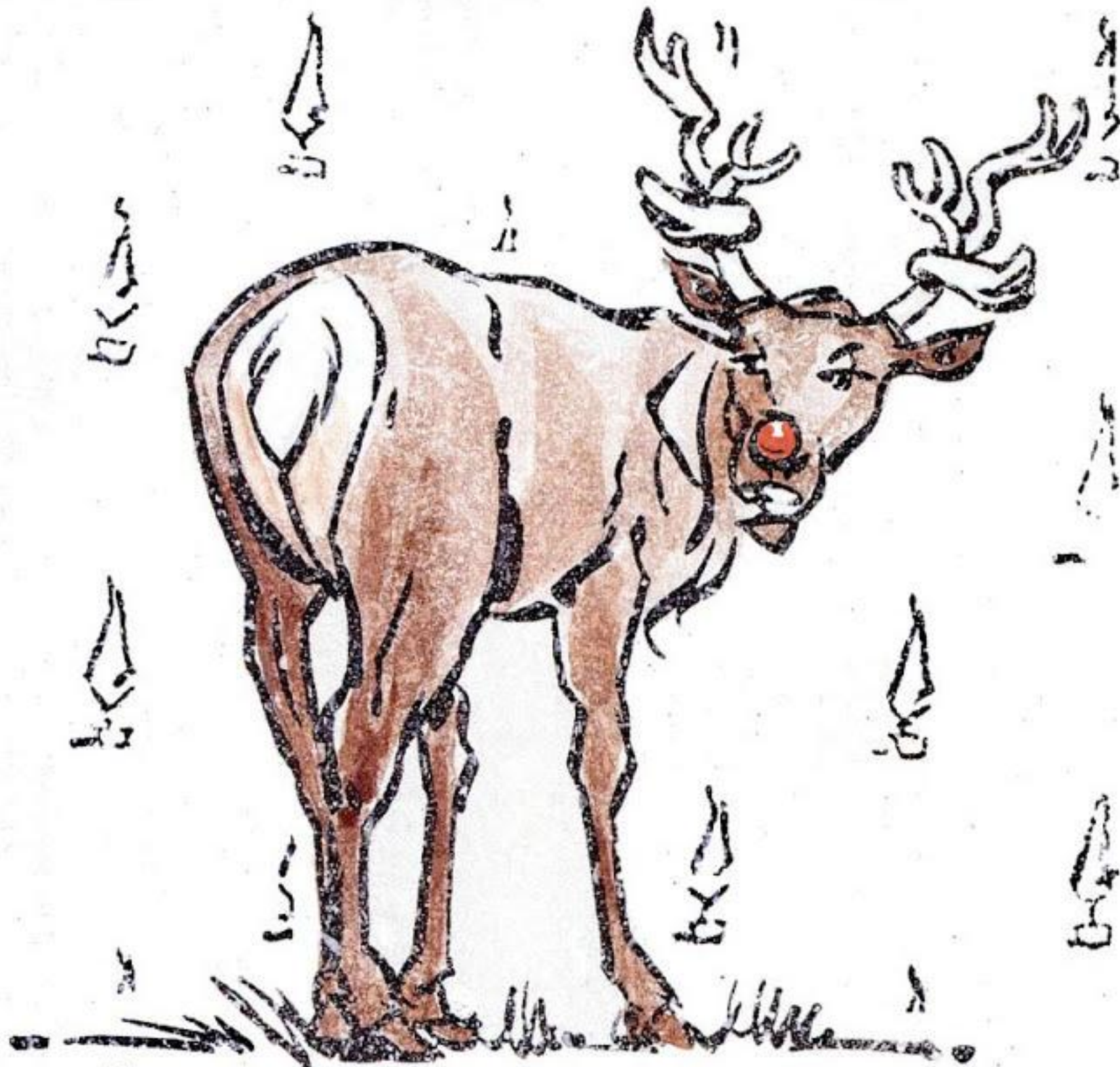
A guest voice-over spot on *The Simpsons* has long been one of the hippest gigs a celebrity could land. It may, however, also be one of the quickest ways to ruin a once-promising career.

—Andrew Milner

Performer	<i>Simpsons</i> guest appearance	Result
<b>Penny Marshall</b>	"Some Enchanted Evening" (May 1990), as babysitter-fugitive Lucille Botzowski	Is denied Best Director nominations for <i>Awakenings</i> and <i>A League of Their Own</i>
<b>Dustin Hoffman</b>	"Lisa's Substitute" (April 1991), as Lisa's substitute teacher Mr. Bergstrom	<i>Billy Bathgate</i> and <i>Hero</i> both bomb
<b>Michael Jackson</b>	"Stark Raving Dad" (September 1991), as a crazy white man	Is accused of child molestation; fails to interest Super Bowl '93 fans during halftime
<b>Darryl Strawberry</b>	"Homer at the Bat" (February 1992), as himself	Is on disabled list most of 1992 and '93 seasons; has tax problems
<b>Jose Canseco</b>	"Homer at the Bat," as himself	Tears ligaments in elbow in May 1993 game; out for season
<b>Roger Clemens</b>	"Homer at the Bat," as himself	On disabled list with inflamed elbow, has first losing season (1993); ERA over 4.00
<b>Kelsey Grammer</b>	"Krusty Gets Busted" (April 1990) and "Black Widower" (April 1992), as evil Sideshow Bob	<i>Cheers</i> ends; dissolves nine-month marriage to stripper; she aborts fetus; exploitative cover stories in <i>People</i> and <i>TV Guide</i>
<b>Danny DeVito</b>	"Oh, Brother, Where Art Thou" (February 1991) and "Brother, Can You Spare Two Dimes?" (August 1992), as Homer's wealthy half-brother, Herb Powell	<i>Hoffa</i> and <i>Jack the Bear</i> both bomb
<b>Red Hot Chili Peppers</b>	"Krusty Gets Canceled" (May 1993), as themselves	Guitarist Arik Marshall leaves; band forced to run pathetic want ad for replacement, who leaves a month later
<b>Elizabeth Taylor</b>	"Maggie's First Word" (December 1992) as Maggie and "Krusty Gets Canceled" as herself	Remains married to Larry Fortensky







BUT  
YOU'D  
BE  
BUCK  
NAKED



# Speech Defects

## The Case for Congressional Sound Bites

Everett Dirksen, the beloved gravel-voiced Republican Senate leader in the 1960s, once lamented the oratorical state of affairs in Washington: "Congress is really the home of the split infinitive, where it finds its finest fruition. This is the place where the dangling participle is certainly nourished. This is the home of the broken sentence." Thirty years later, his complaints seem petty—especially in light of the run-on sentences, the non sequiturs and the just-plain-bizarrenesses to be heard on the Hill. Given the sheer volume of all this wretched speechifying, it's a wonder that any legislation gets passed at all.

—Eric Rosenberg

### Senator Robert Byrd (D-W.Va.), September 1992:

In the midst of our ongoing debates about the weightier issues of appropriations matters, cable television and other questions of national merit, I want to again register my ongoing concern and frustration with a "little fox" that continues to spoil the vine of the English language worldwide. That "little fox" is the inane, empty, useless phrase *you know*....On numerous occasions in the past I have expressed my own irritation about *you-knowism* here....I will continue sounding my displeasure with *you know* as long as *you know* continues to infest the speech of people anywhere as a meaningless articulation for no purpose except to fill the air whenever nothing else comes to mind.

### Senator Frank Murkowski (R-Alaska), July 1993:

I regret that I was unable to participate in the Senate schedule for Tuesday, July 20....My schedule called for me to board a late-afternoon flight in Fairbanks, Alaska, that would have taken me through Anchorage and on to Detroit, getting me into Washington Tuesday morning, July 20, at 8:45 a.m., in plenty of time for the votes which started at 2:15 p.m. Unfortunately, as a consequence of receiving a yellow-jacket sting, to which I am extremely allergic, it was impossible for me to travel Monday night because of my swollen condition.

### Rep. Helen Delich Bentley (R-Md.), March 1993:

Mr. Speaker and my fellow colleagues, I would like to take this time to commemorate the Polka Weekenders Inc. on their 25th anniversary....The group entertains at Polish festivals and thrills everyone with their wonderful dancing....Baltimore is a town rich with ethnic traditions and festivals. Every summer I look forward to seeing many of my Polish friends at the festival. Not only is the food at the festival superb, I never miss the chance to see the very talented dancers. The Polka Weekenders amaze me with their skill and agility, and I relish the chance to join them for a step or two....May God bless them in the years to come.

### Rep. Randy "Duke" Cunningham (R-Calif.), October 1992:

Congressman Sam Johnson was tortured as a POW, and many of those POWs, because of Jane Fonda and Tom Hayden and Ramsey Clark's appearance there, they were tortured....You know Tokyo Rose, which I was born December 8, 1941, the day after Pearl Harbor, I have read ac-

counts of how Tokyo Rose was hated for her part with the Japanese....Can you imagine the disdain that the American people would have had for [Bill Clinton]? If he was in Israel, was in Saudi Arabia or Egypt or any other country, he would have been disgraced. He probably would have been run out of the country or even executed....Mr. Speaker, I have never allowed a Jane Fonda movie in my home.

### Rep. Robert Dornan (R-Calif.), October 1992:

Now, when I sit in a Hollywood movie, and I grew up on motion pictures. I love them. It is my favorite lovely art form. When I go see a Vietnam story, *Born on the Fourth of July*, and I see a hooch blown apart accidentally, and there are women and children in there hurt and dying, and one of the soldiers comes in, and the first word out of his mouth is *Jesus*, which could be a prayer as well as a blasphemy, and the next word is the *f* word as a gerund: *f-ing*. And then comes the name *Christ*—King. *Jesus*, the obscenity, and then *Christ*, and it all goes downhill from there, and the *f* word is used like, I don't know, 140 times I read in the Protestant publication where some poor person subjected himself to counting the constant blasphemies, the foul mouth, scatological words about excrement just thrown around like nothing. And now I read that the film *GoodFellas*, meaning thugs, criminals, killers, had 350-some *f* words in it. I remember *Scarface*, written by the same Oliver Stonehead before he started directing, in *Scarface*, Al Pacino is saying *f f f f f f f* until Michelle Pfeiffer says "\*\*\* up and stop saying the *f* word."

### Rep. James Traficant (D-Ohio), April 1993:

Mr. Speaker, while Congress wants to elevate the EPA administrator to a full Cabinet-level position, yesterday in outer space, space-shuttle plumbers dumped urine and fecal matter for the first time in our history into outer space. The astronauts said they dumped the fecal matter from a contingency tank because the regular tank malfunctioned. Regular tank? Mr. Speaker, if I am not mistaken, is that not the \$30 million golden throne space potty No. 1? What is going on here? We do not just flush \$30 million down the drains; we have now found ways to jet it out sophisticated airlocks. Beam me up. This case takes the raw-sewage award of America's history. I yield back the balance of my garbage. D



SMIRNOFF Vodka 40% ALC. BY VOL. distilled from premium wheat  
©2000 Ste. Pierre Smirnoff, LLC (Division of HeUBLEIN, Inc.) Hartford, CT. Made in U.S.A.



PURE PARTY.  
**SMIRNOFF**





## The SPY Lazlo Letters

INSTALLMENT VIII

### Not Licked Yet!

This month, Mr. Toth (aka Don Novello) continues to mail-bond.



CONSUMER AFFAIRS

UNITED STATES POSTAL SERVICE  
475 L'ENFANT PLAZA SW  
WASHINGTON DC 20260-2200

September 15, 1993

Mr. Lazlo Toth  
Post Office Box 245  
Fairfax, CA 94930-0245

Dear Mr. Toth:

This responds to your August 22 letter about our stamp program.

Our Citizens' Stamp Advisory Committee reviews some 30,000 public suggestions each year in making final stamp selections to the Postmaster General. They focus on cultural and historical heritage, achievements, portray of natural wonders, worthy causes, issues, and interest of national concern and use the enclosed criteria in making selections. CSAC did not elect to promote the 30th anniversary of the ZIP CODE, which remains voluntary in an address.

We are proud of the variety of stamps we offer and your suggestions and ideas would be welcome by the CSAC; the enclosed sheet has their address. The CSAC could provide the reason for not selecting The Big Bopper in our rock and roll series as well.

The Postmaster General's busy schedule precludes his writing back to every one who writes. He relies upon his Vice Presidents and their staff to promptly address customer concerns for him. Our office has a fourteen day turn-around in replying to customers.

Thank you for writing.

Sincerely,

*Connie L. Rainey*  
Connie L. Rainey  
Senior Consumer Affairs Associate

Enclosures

Reference:32510557:seb

Naked City



Lazlo Toth  
P.O. Box 245  
Fairfax, California  
94930 U.S.A.

CITIZEN AFFAIRS

October 14, 1993

Citizens' Stamp Advisory Committee  
c/o Stamp Management, U.S. Postal Service  
475 L'Enfant, Plaza, SW Room 5301  
Washington, D.C. (ZIP CODE - Voluntary)

Dear Committee Members,

Connie Rainey, the Senior Consumers Affairs Associate to the Postmaster General, asked me to write to you to find out why The Big Bopper was not given his own stamp just like Richie Valens and Buddy Holly.

I wrote to the Postmaster General awhile back, asking WHY?? The Big Bopper was ignored and slighted and I got a letter back from Connie who gave me the impression that it was your fault, not the Postmaster General's. She said, "the CSAC (you!) could provide the reason".

So, that is what I am asking for - the reason why the man who sang "Chantilly Lace", a song as good as "La Bamba" in my opinion, was passed over, even though he performed at the same concert and died in the same plane crash as two other stamp honorees. It's just not fair!

Please! justify this injustice - give the Big Bopper his due - give him his own 29 cent stamp NOW!

I implore you! You know what I like!

*Lazlo Toth*  
Lazlo Toth

P.S. If you need signatures from citizens to make this happen just let me know how many you need and I will get the petitions to you. Just tell where to send them!

## It's a Wonderful Town!



Woman talking to her dog.

Photograph by Andrew Savulich

Lazlo Toth photographed by Mojgan B. Azimi



# RISKY BUSINESS

IS...

- ☐ Eating beans before a date
- ☐ Unsafe sex
- ☐ Bungee jumping
- ☐ A new record label
- ☐ All of the above



Risky Business is a cool new record label – the coolest new record label on the street! It's 10 brand new titles – first time anywhere – with lots o' groovy tracks on each. BE THE FIRST KID ON THE BLOCK TO COLLECT ALL 10!!



## DANGEROUS WOMEN

HOW MUCH LOVE/VIXEN • HITCHIN' A RIDE/SARAYA • CATATONIC/BABES IN TOYLAND • ALASKA/THE VOLUPTUOUS HORROR OF KAREN BLACK • SPEED QUEEN/CYCLE SLUTS FROM HELL • ROADKILL/MEANSTREAK • THE MOUNTAIN WHISPERS/CHASTAIN • HEAVEN IN THE BACK SEAT/ROMEO'S DAUGHTER • BEETHOVEN MOSH (5TH SYMPHONY IN C MINOR)/THE GREAT KAT • NO SHAME/NO SHAME • WALKING IN L.A./MISSING PERSONS



## THRASH AND BURN: THE METAL ALTERNATIVE

CHAINS/COLLISION • SUNLESS SATURDAY/FISHBONE • PROVE YOU WRONG/PRONG • SO LONG/GRUNTRUCK • DANCE OF THE DEAD/CORROSION OF CONFORMITY • ENERGY MIND/LAST CRACK • ALMOST TOMORROW/BLITZSPEER • WAITIN' FOR THE WIZARD/CIRCUS OF POWER • OCEAN OF CONFUSION/SCREAMING TREES • THERAPY/INFECTIOUS GROOVES • CAPRICORN SISTER/MOTHER LOVE BONE • SUGAR AIN'T SO SWEET/MIND FUNK



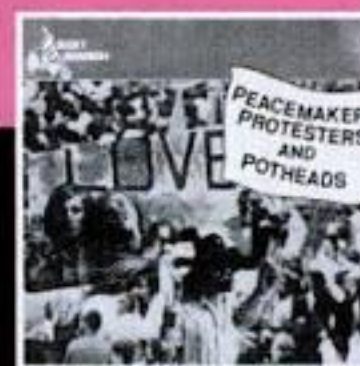
## SOUL OF VIETNAM

MARCHING OFF TO WAR/WILLIAM BELL • OPEN LETTER TO THE PRESIDENT/ROY C • HYMN #5/THE MIGHTY HANNIBAL • I BELIEVE I'M GONNA MAKE IT/JOE TEX • CHRISTMAS IN VIETNAM/JOHNNY & JON • THERE'S SOMEONE WAITING BACK HOME/THE O'JAYS • CHOICE OF COLORS/IMPRESSIONS • WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME/JOE TEX • SAM STONE/SWAMP DOGG • CAN'T YOU SEE WHAT YOU'VE DONE, DONE (HYMN #9)/DELIA GARTRELL • I SHOULD BE PROUD/MARTHA & THE VANDELLAS • SOLDIER'S GOODBYE/WILLIAM BELL



## RUBBER SOULED

I WANT TO HOLD YOUR HAND/AL GREEN • LADY MADONNA/SWAMP DOGG • HARD DAYS NIGHT/BAK KAYS • LET IT BE/ARETHA FRANKLIN • OBLADI OBLADA/ARTHUR CONLEY • WE CAN WORK IT OUT/VALERIE SIMPSON • DAY TRIPPER/OTIS REDDING • COME TOGETHER/KE & TINA TURNER • HEY JUDE/WILSON PICKETT • ANNA/ARTHUR ALEXANDER • WHY DON'T WE DO IT IN THE ROAD/LOWELL FULSON • CARRY THAT WEIGHT-THE END/BOOKER T & THE M.G.'S



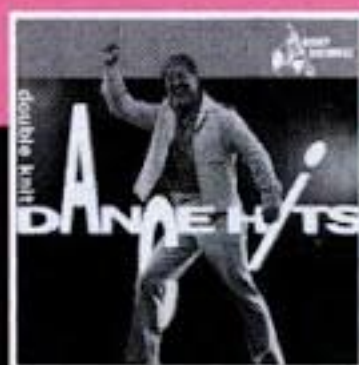
## PEACEMAKERS, PROTESTERS AND POTHEADS

HE WAS A FRIEND OF MINE/THE BYRDS • SAN FRANCISCO (BE SURE TO WEAR FLOWERS IN YOUR HAIR)/SCOTT MCKENZIE • SHAPES OF THINGS/THE YARDBIRDS • DON'T CALL ME NIGGER, WHITEY/SLY & THE FAMILY STONE • INDIAN RESERVATION (LAMENT OF THE CHEROKEE RESERVATION INDIAN)/THE RAIDERS • ANOTHER COUNTRY/ELECTRIC FLAG • EVE OF DESTRUCTION/BARRY MCGUIRE • HE AIN'T HEAVY, HE'S MY BROTHER/THE HOLLIES • ITCHY COOD PARK/SMALL FACES • TURN ON A FRIEND (TO THE GOOD LIFE)/THE PEANUT BUTTER CONSPIRACY • THE PUSHER/STEPPENWOLF • I-FEEL-LIKE-I'M-FIXIN'-TO-DIE RAG/COUNTRY JOE AND THE FISH



## BLOOD, SWEAT & BEERS

TRAPPED AGAIN/SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY & THE ASBURY JUKES • THIS LITTLE GIRL/GARY U.S. BONDS • HOT ROD ANGEL/SCOTT KEMPNER • I'M NOT YOUR MAN/TOMMY CONWELL AND THE YOUNG RUMBLERS • TOUGH ALL OVER/JOHN CAFFERTY & THE BEAVER BROWN BAND • FEVER FOR THE GIRL/ALLAN RICH • BAD DREAM/JOE GRUSHECKY AND THE HOUSEROCKERS • JUNGLE BOY/JOHN EDDIE • SECRETS IN THE STREET/MILS LOFGREN • STRIKE UP THE BAND/THE MICHAEL STANLEY BAND • SAVIN' UP/CLARENCE CLEMONS • ROCK 'N' ROLL/DETROIT



## DOUBLE-KNIT DANCE HITS

BOOGIE NIGHTS/NEATWAVE • THE HUSTLE/VAN MCCOY & THE SOUL CITY SYMPHONY • SHINING STAR/EARTH, WIND & FIRE • FUNKYTOWN/LIPPS, INC. • THIS TIME BABY (EXTENDED DANCE MIX)/JACKIE MOORE • BORN TO BE ALIVE (EXTENDED DANCE MIX)/PATRICK HERNANDEZ • AIN'T GONNA BUMP NO MORE (WITH NO BIG FAT WOMAN)/JOE TEX • BOOGIE OOGIE OOGIE/A TASTE OF HONEY • TURN ME UP (EXTENDED DANCE MIX)/KEITH BARROW • DISCO LADY/JOHNNIE TAYLOR • GOT TO BE REAL/CHERYL LYNN • THAT LADY/ISLEY BROTHERS



## WHOLE LOTTA LAVA

TIGHTER/PAUL REVERE & THE RAIDERS • THIS IS WHAT I WAS MADE FOR/THE WILD LIFE • MY GIRLFRIEND IS A WITCH/OCTOBER COUNTRY • SOME SUNNY DAY/THE MILLENNIUM • TAPEWORM OF LOVE/BRUTE FORCE • HUSH/BILLY JOE ROYAL • IT'S NOW WINTER'S DAY/TOMMY ROE • GET THE MESSAGE/SAGITTARIUS • PIGGY BANK LOVE/THE BONZO DOG DOO-DAH BAND • YOU ARE SHE/CHAD & JEREMY • NO MORE RUNNING AROUND/THE LAMP OF CHILDHOOD • SAY THOSE MAGIC WORDS/THE MCCOYS



## GUILTY PLEASURES

QUICK JOE SMALL/THE KASENETZ-KATZ SINGING ORCHESTRAL CIRCUS • BEST FRIEND THEME FROM TV'S "THE COURTSHIP OF EDDIE'S FATHER"/PUPPET • CAMARO/THE CYRLE • WASHINGTON SQUARE/THE VILLAGE STOMPERS • MELODY FOR AN UNKNOWN GIRL/PAUL REVERE & THE RAIDERS • MAGIC/PILOT • SILVER HEELS/BLAZE • I DAVID SLOANE/MICHELLE LEE • BLUE VELVET/BOBBY VINTON • GILBERT GREEN/GERRY MARSDEN • PANDORA'S GOLDEN HEEBIE JEEBIES/THE ASSOCIATION • ALMOST SUMMER/CELEBRATION FEATURING MIKE LOVE



## OH, SPLIT!

SHAKE HANDS AND WALK AWAY CRYIN'/LOU CHRISTIE • I WON'T CRY/CHAD AND JEREMY • LEAVE ME/THE HOLLIES • I DIDN'T EVER KNOW/JONATHAN MOORE • GONE MOVIN' ON/PAUL REVERE & THE RAIDERS • GASLIGHT/DON MEEHAN • I'M GONE/THE MAGIC MUSHROOMS • I'M GOING HOME/THE CHOIR • THE HURT DOESN'T GO AWAY/THE INFERNO • THINGS I SHOULD HAVE SAID/THE GRASS ROOTS • TAKE BACK YOUR MIND/RAY WHITLEY • SISTER ISABELLE/DEL SHANNON

ON SALE NOW AT **record town**  
MUSIC & VIDEO



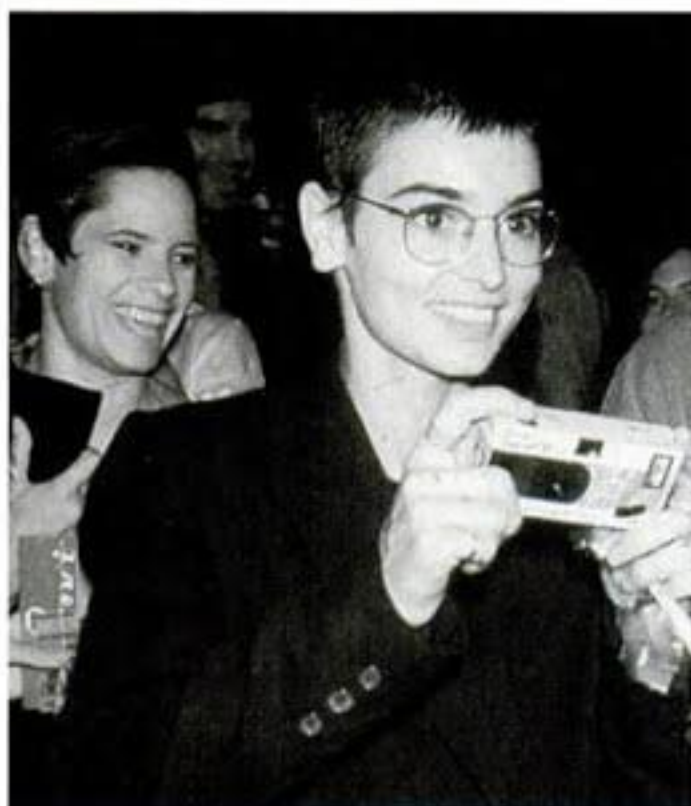




Glad-ragman's son Kirk Douglas tries to flag down Barbara Eden, who has mistaken another for her date.



A confused Liz Taylor has asked the garçon to bring her an ugly little dog as an hors d'oeuvre and an entrée of tiny bits of glass.

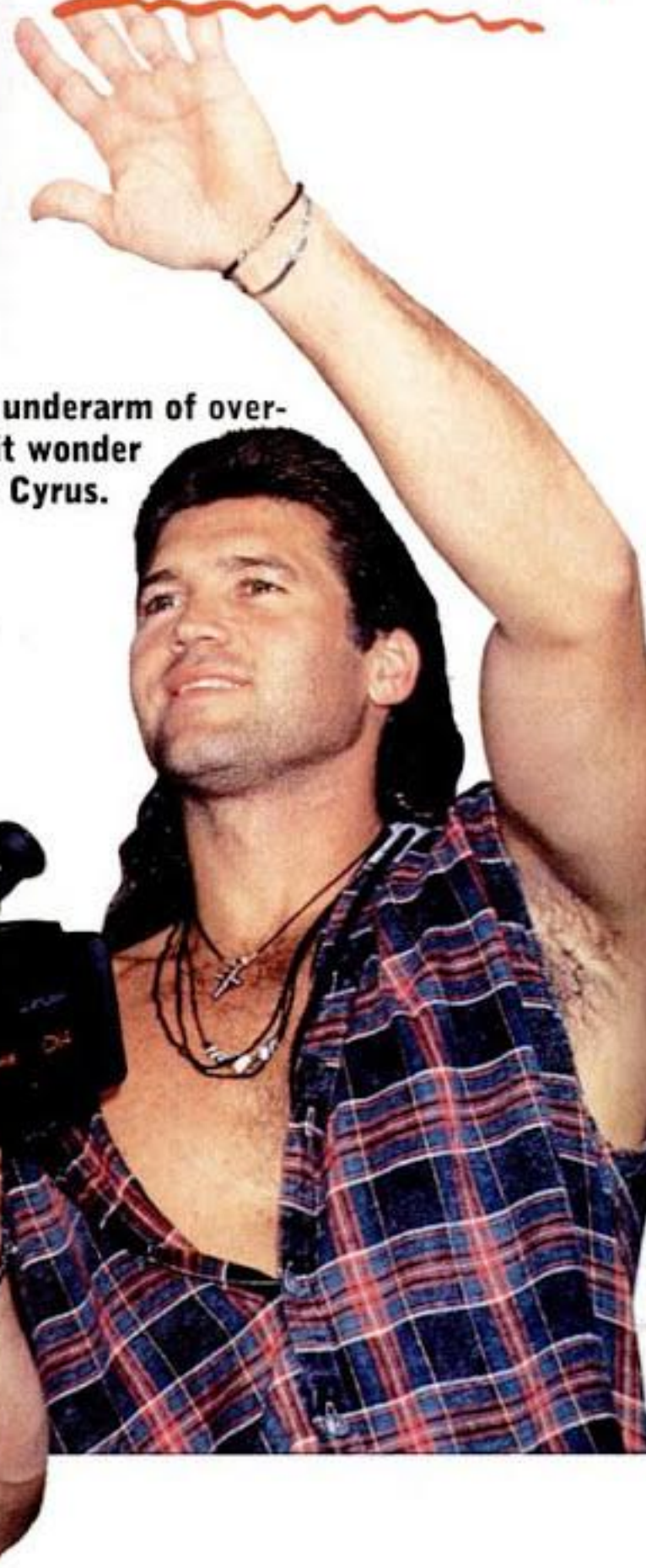


Insufferable frump Kennedy wanders around backstage at a banquet, in a hotel, and yet is not shot by anyone, disproving existence of a just God.



Droning dervish Natalie Merchant cracks up while shrill Celtic novelty act Sinéad O'Connor squeezes off a few snaps.

PARTY  
POOP.



At last! The underarm of over-accessorized one-hit wonder Billy Ray Cyrus.



The Jacksons (Jermaine, Katherine, Rebbie, Joe and Tito) and the Spellings (Randy, Candy, Aaron, Tori and date) make for a white-knuckle game of *Family Feud* and a nearly irrefutable argument for involuntary sterilization.





**Ex-celebrity Deborah Harry** wonders if maybe it's okay to be called Blondie after all.



**Amanda Plummer** reveals how she became the least successful hitchhiker in history.



**PHYSICAL LOVE** Sun worshipers Kurt Cobain and Courtney Love



**Alleged vocalist Paula Abdul** sings inaudibly and carries a big hammer.

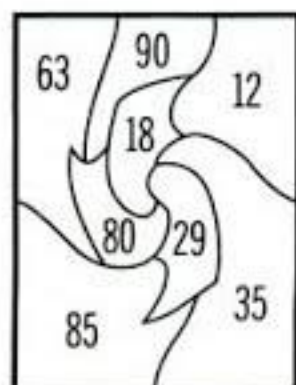






# The 1993 SPY

## Our Annual Catalog of the Year's Worst People, Places and Things



IT'S

a radically new and improved SPY 100 we present this year, our most intelligent and incisive yet. Ordinarily we wouldn't stoop to making comparisons, but the sophisticated nature of the 1993 SPY 100 technology means that for the first time we can actually calibrate humor value to the billionth decimal point. Regrettably, Microsoft's recent well-publicized lawsuit against SPYWare prevents us from going into specifics about our upgraded technology; suffice it to say that according to our team technicians, this year we've clocked .0042 more nanochuckles than ever before.

In format, the 1993 SPY 100 resembles that of previous years, with Misdeeds followed in some cases by Mitigating Factors, Bonus Points or both. This year, however, in place of 1992's Family Value citation we have CyberScore, a measurement of the item's relation to the world of high-tech media, and specifically the phrases *CD-ROM*, *on-line*, *virtual reality* and *cyberspace*. For us, at least, 1993 will go down as the year of the "information superhighway" (1994 is already penciled in as the year we find out what that phrase means). Incidentally, a fully interactive Virtual 100 is available to anyone with access to a Kray supercomputer, eyephones and data gloves.





## ONE Jerry Seinfeld

**MISDEEDS:** Clinches fame (and Emmy) on strength of a sniggering masturbation episode but admits he didn't masturbate until after he lost his virginity; in mating stand-up with sitcom, spawns new mutant genre "sit-up," combining formulaic scripts with bad acting, and clears way for Brett Butler (*Grace Under Fire*), Paul Reiser (*Mad About You*) and Sinbad (*The Sinbad Show*), among others; irritating "observational" humor on

such topics as bananas in his Cheerios; says, "I just hate everything and everybody. That's why I'm so funny"; says the Scientology courses he took were "fabulous"; won't allow friends to crap in his toilet; is less funny than his father, according to his sister and mother, even though "Jerry works hard at it"; has 25 pairs of sneakers, including a pair of "Air Seinfelds."

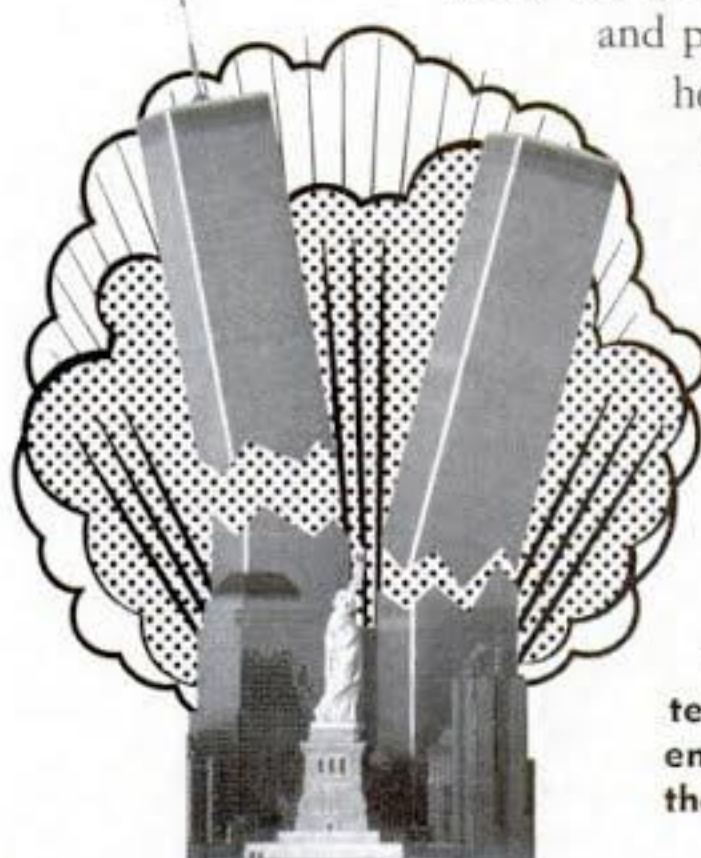
**MITIGATING FACTOR:** Gives *Entertainment Weekly* writers something to obsess nerdishly about besides *Star Trek: The Next Generation*.

**BONUS POINTS:** "I met this girl, Shoshanna....I didn't know how old she was. I knew she wasn't 40." (She was in her prep-school uniform at the time.)

**CYBERSCORE:** The Macintosh SE in Jerry's TV apartment was recently replaced by a PowerBook Duo.

## THREE New York, Boomtown

**MISDEEDS:** Bomb allegedly planted by followers of Sheik Omar Abdel Rahman kills 6 and injures 1,000 at World Trade Center, causing New Yorkers to rally around a pair of buildings they previously regarded as a mild embarrassment, and providing FBI and ATF with



heroic photo opportunities not long after the Waco fiasco; FBI also claims another set of the sheik's followers planned to bomb the Holland Tunnel, the UN and the FBI's own New York headquarters.

**CYBERSCORE:** World Trade Center bombing knocks out several television transmitters, sparing many New Yorkers endless local news coverage of the event.

## FOUR Michael Jackson

**MISDEEDS:** Trades on wholesome image and widespread reputation for family values to gain access to young children; when allegations of child abuse surface, produces character witnesses like the eleven-year-old who explains, "I was on one side of the bed, and he was on the



other. It was a big bed"; performance during Super Bowl halftime surrounded by multiethnic children more interesting in retrospect.

**MITIGATING FACTOR:** A welcoming handwritten banner in Moscow: SIBERIA LOVES YOU, MICHAEL.

**BONUS POINTS:** Asked if she believes the charges, LaToya says, "We really don't know."

**CYBERSCORE:** Sega AS-1 Virtual Ride Motion Theater System, a new virtual-reality pod in which a computer-generated Virtual Jacko plays your commander.

## TWO The Clintons

**MISDEEDS:** *His:* Overcomes Vietnam syndrome once and for all by substituting even more debilitating Somalia-Bosnia-Haiti syndrome (*Hey, you win none, you lose some*); forces long-suffering veep to plug reinventing-government plan by smashing ashtrays and making Buttafuoco jokes on national television; inveigles TV networks into simulcasting wonkathons on the economy; humiliates Hillary chum Lani



Guinier, dropping nomination when he gets around to reading her views on that whole one-person-one-vote thing; professes mystifying fondness for Barbra Streisand's "Evergreen"; has hots for Sharon Stone; is fat. *Hers:* Forbids Roger from speaking to press at the inauguration; asserts, "I didn't have a makeover. I just changed my hair and have gotten more diligent in the last several years about exercising"; explains her vision of government as "mil-

lions of conversations"; won't let Chelsea stay out past 10:00 p.m. weeknights; keeps Socks tied to a tree; has hots for Kevin Costner; is New Age-y.

**CYBERSCORE:** George Stephanopoulos blames media scrutiny of Clinton's flipflops on availability of Lexis/Nexis.





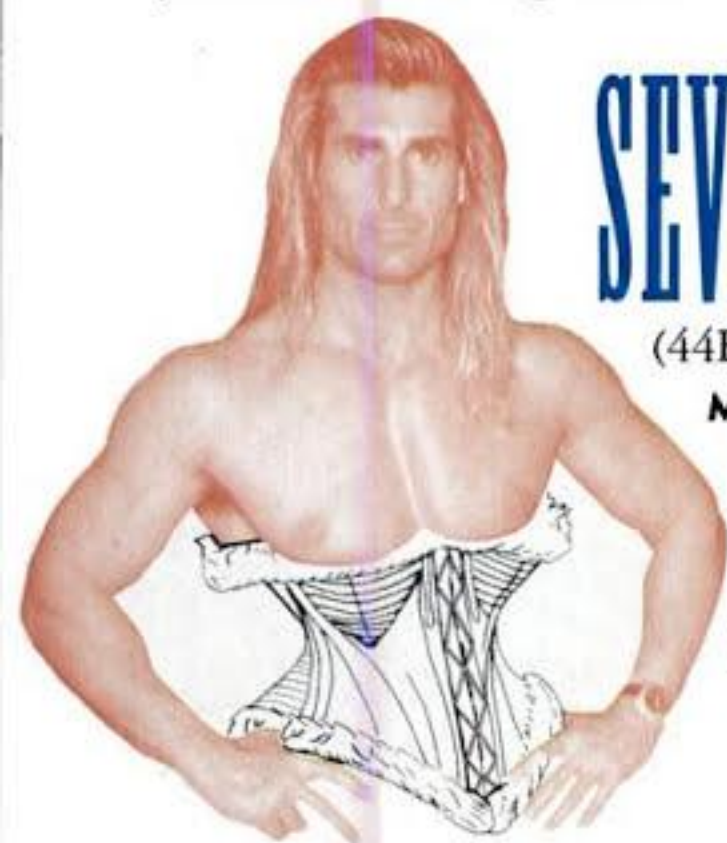
## FIVE Those Annoying Serbs

**MISDEEDS:** Overrun Bosnia, killing as many as 200,000 Muslims and raping maybe 30,000 Muslim women; confound media attempts to vilify them by continually offering fresh candidates for "new Hitler" moniker.

## SIX A River Ran Through It

**MISDEEDS:** Floods cut swaths through midwestern towns; coverage cuts swaths through national dailies with anthropomorphic visions of a "marauding," "bloated," "swollen," "mighty," "coffee-brown turmoil" that eventually beats a "grudging, rear-guard retreat."

**BONUS POINTS:** Raging River Ale, a new beer introduced by entrepreneur in flood-ravaged Iowa.



## SEVEN Man Titties

**MISDEEDS:** Fabio (48A); Marky Mark (42A); Brad Pitt (40A); Joe Piscopo (44B); Chris Farley (48C).

**MITIGATING FACTOR:** *Vanity Fair* cover of Rodinesque superrunt Sly Stallone emphasizes ass, not tits.

**CYBERSCORE:** Marky Mark's third nipple digitally removed from Calvin Klein ads.

## EIGHT Jurassic Krap

**MISDEEDS:** Pseudo-educational dino-fever saturates media for months; Spielberg refuses to pay \$3,000 worth of damages to

California state park where movie was partially filmed; Spielberg establishes 1-800-DINO-COP to put the sting on bootleg Jurassic products; Spielberg grosses \$700-million on movie.

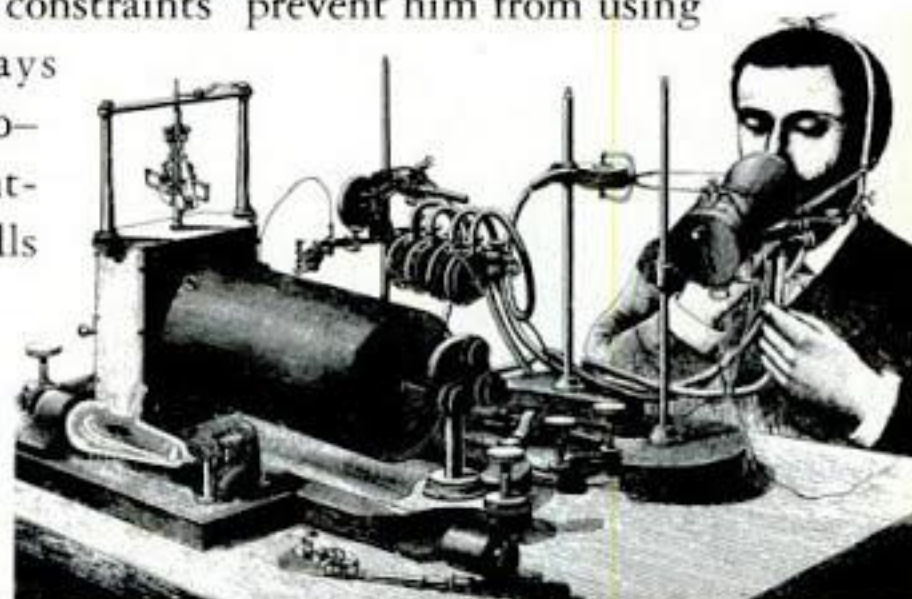


## NINE Dr. Death

**MISDEEDS:** Score to date, 18 "medicides"; current dream, a national network of medicide centers called "obitoriums"; best quote: "Why can't they see? I'm Dr. Life!"; euthanizes people in the back of his 1968 Volkswagen camper van (at key point saying, "Have a nice trip!") because "lease constraints" prevent him from using his apartment; plays Bach, Captain Nemo-style; composes light-hearted rhymes he calls "glimmeriks."

**MITIGATING FACTOR:** Doesn't charge patients; "I don't even charge for materials."

**BONUS POINTS:** "I wish my [Armenian] forefathers went through what the Jews did....Armenians were killed in every conceivable way....They [the Jews] have had a lot of publicity, but they did not suffer as much."



## TEN Late-Night Nutfest

**MISDEEDS:** As confusion over domestic policy deepens and foreign disasters proliferate, America's attention is focused on which talent-impaired chattermonger will further reduce its productivity. Letterman's rechanneled, \$42 million iconoclasm proves only slightly less deft, spontaneous and irreverent than aircraft carrier *Nimitz*; *The Chevy Chase Show*, more painful to watch than attaching electrodes to your genitals, mercifully canceled by Fox the day after his 50th-birthday party; America Stands Up for Jay as a preliminary to turning off the television; Arsenio Hall's ratings, invisible to naked eye, still better than Conan O'Brien's despite O'Brien's theft of other people's material.

**MITIGATING FACTOR:** Venerable Joe Franklin does his last show amid massive media indifference.



## 11 Bigots in Frigates

**MISDEEDS:** U.S. airman convicted of beating a gay colleague to a pulp insists, "It could have been averted had homosexuals not been allowed in the military"; army sergeant says, "I'll show you about gays in the military," and opens fire on patrons of a North Carolina restaurant, killing four and wounding six; commander in chief pledges to repeal gay ban, then implements a policy virtually indistinguishable from the one in existence since 1943.

**MITIGATING FACTORS:** Paleoconservative Barry Goldwater comes out against the ban; Acting Secretary of the Army John W. Shannon is accused of shoplifting a skirt and blouse from an army post exchange.

## 12 Beverly Hills 20500

**MISDEEDS:** Barbra has date with Janet Reno; Sharon Stone titillates GATT conferees; the Bloodworth-Thomasons get free passes to roam romantic

White House.

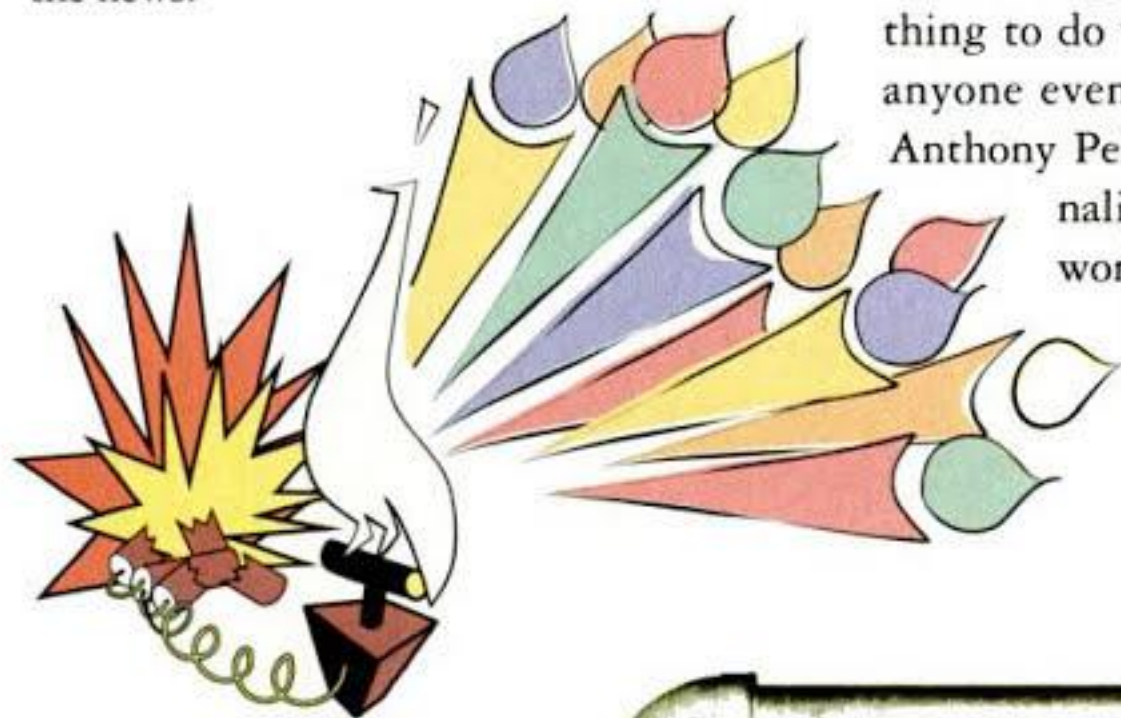
**MITIGATING FACTOR:** No roam-where-you-please White House passes for the Arnold-Barrs, the Griffith-Johnsons, the Moore-Willises or the Harlin-Davises.

**CYBERSCORE:** Yentl available in laser-disc format, with

enhanced-sound version of electrifying Babs finale, "Papa, Can You Hear Me?"

## 13 NBC's Death Wish

**MISDEEDS:** Warns David Letterman and Chevy Chase against using NBC "intellectual property"; allows Steven Spielberg to put on another TV show; keeps Bill Cosby's name in the news.



## 14 Florida: Tourist Trap

**MISDEEDS:** Nine foreign tourists murdered in

Florida since October 1992, prompting the cancellation of a promotional campaign that included the slogan "The rules are different here."

**MITIGATING FACTOR:** Florida flirtation with dousing tourists in gas and setting them alight never really takes off.

**CYBERSCORE:** Florida Online, a new computer-based tourist information service out of Panama City Beach: (904) 234-2343.

## 15 Tabloid Follies

**MISDEEDS:** Mort Zuckerman purchases *Daily News*, confident that the paper will find a market since "women prefer tabloids because their arms are shorter"; *New York Post* seemingly purchased by Steve Hoffenberg (who plans to boost circulation by printing only good news), then really bought by avowedly insane Abe Hirschfeld ("It will write about my plans to bring the Susan B. Anthony coin into use at all subway stations"), and then really *really* bought by Rupert Murdoch; Hoffenberg introduces *Her New York*, a tabloid for people with short arms.

**MITIGATING FACTOR:** Robert Maxwell apparently still dead.

**CYBERSCORE:** Of New York tabs, only *Newsday* available on-line.

## 16 Columbia Sex and Drug Cartel

**MISDEEDS:** After turkey-of-the-century *Last Action Hero*, studio tries to take credit for Castle Rock's *In the Line of Fire*; it cuts a "production" deal with a pimp; denies having anything to do with Heidi Fleiss before anyone even asks; hires rent-a-thug Anthony Pellicano to intimidate journalists, specifically ones who work at SPY.

**MITIGATING FACTOR:** Given Sony's ownership of the studio, may at some level help U.S. trade balance.

## 17 Boomer Growing Pains

**MISDEEDS:** Mick Jagger and Jerry Garcia turn 50; Paul McCartney on tour with his four children ("They're cool people"); an entire sitcom, *Dave's World*, devoted to the aging trauma of real-life boomer Dave Barry.

**MITIGATING FACTOR:** Anna Quindlen, mother of feminist boys and boomer family champion, gloriously absent from *Times* Op-Ed page between April and October.

**BONUS POINTS:** Former radical and cook Katherine Ann Power finally brought before judge; former radical and cook Bobby Seale serves as "Barbecue Battle" judge.

## 18 Makeup for Men



## 19 1980s Undead

**MISDEEDS:** New music from Duran Duran, Boy George, Depeche Mode, Tears for Fears, Cyndi Lauper, Adam Ant, Annie Lennox, Toto, Huey Lewis and X, the videos for which are announced by Adam Curry; Heather Locklear introduced to a new generation; Luke and Laura reunited; Ivan Boesky becomes a multimillionaire again; Fred Joseph and Dennis Levine back on Wall Street.

**CYBERSCORE:** Eighties relic Billy Idol records the desperate new theme album *Cyberpunk* in a "virtual studio" and hypes it with an interactive floppy-disk press kit.



## 20 Details Magazine ➡





# Retails

Toni, Tony,  
Tone!

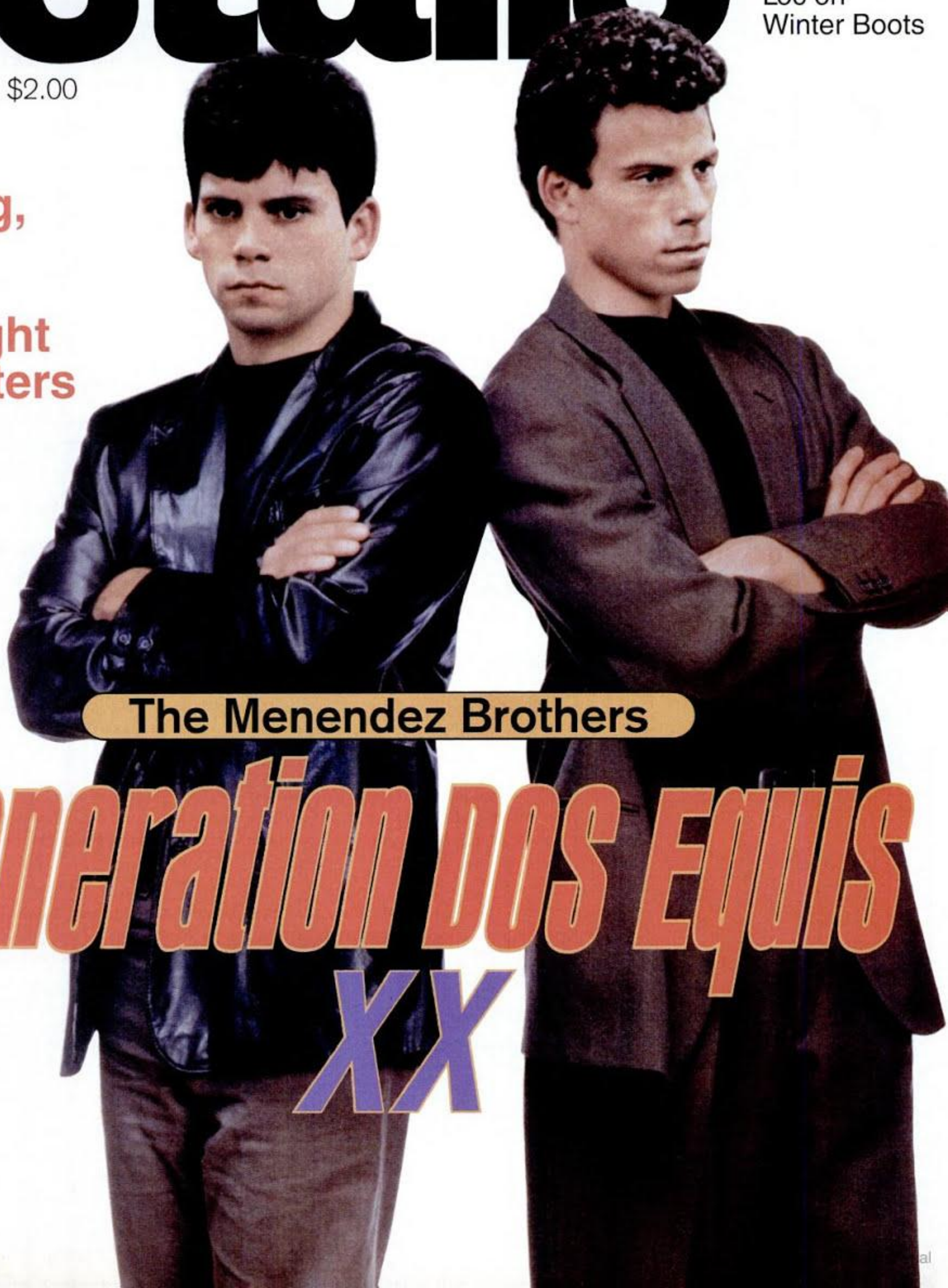
Morrison,  
Danza, and  
Lõc on  
Winter Boots

January 1994 \$2.00

Young,  
Rich,  
Straight  
Shooters

The Menendez Brothers

*Generation Dos Equis*  
XX





### features

- 27 **Eyewitness** The world (in under 300 words) at once.
- 94 **Next Hot Town** Forget San Diego. The new magnet is Stillwater, Oklahoma.
- 96 **Generation Czechs** Landlocked, but never Slovak.
- 99 **Skyaking** Ride the rapids of midair with the most handsome daredevils to grab a parachute (and a paddle!).
- 102 **Tom Scott and the Hollywood Express** Chevy's former house band, awash in angst, watches our correspondent do heroin.
- 106 **Next Hot Town** Forget Stillwater. The new magnet is Eureka, California.
- 116 **Let Fermat Rule** Lenny Kravitz sings Andrew Wiles's praises.
- 118 **The Environment Piece** Some awful crime is being committed against the environment. Fortunately, it is happening very, very far away, where people are really wild and don't even speak English. They also wear amazing clothes.
- 132 **Steel-Toe Confession** I have no money because I bought these kick-ass boots.
- 142 **Cool Old Guy** Don Knotts gets real about lawn care, the AARP, and Norman Fell.
- 145 **Next Hot Town** Forget Eureka. The new magnet is Sandakan, Borneo.

### fashion

- 108 **Dickies** Something warm for around your neck. *Photographed by Anunzio*
- 124 **Trucker Chic** White trash goes white collar when white-line fever strikes our convoy of Anthony Kiedis, Kevin Dillon, and Sofia Coppola. *Photographed by Anaïs*

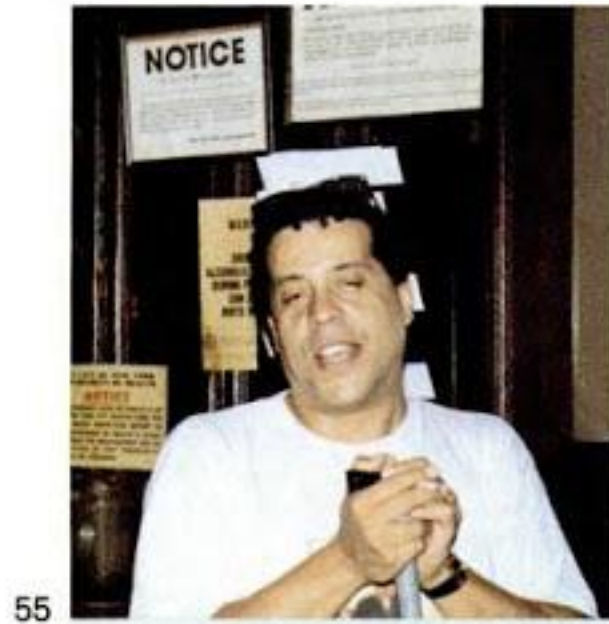
### upfront

- 45-92 Fast **forward**; vintage **sideburns**; getting your girlfriend to take it up the **butt**; anecdotes from the **tanning salon**; ironing those socks **just so**; how to estimate a woman's **bra size**; appearing straight for the **new year**; more good news about **marijuana**; indecorous body **humor**.

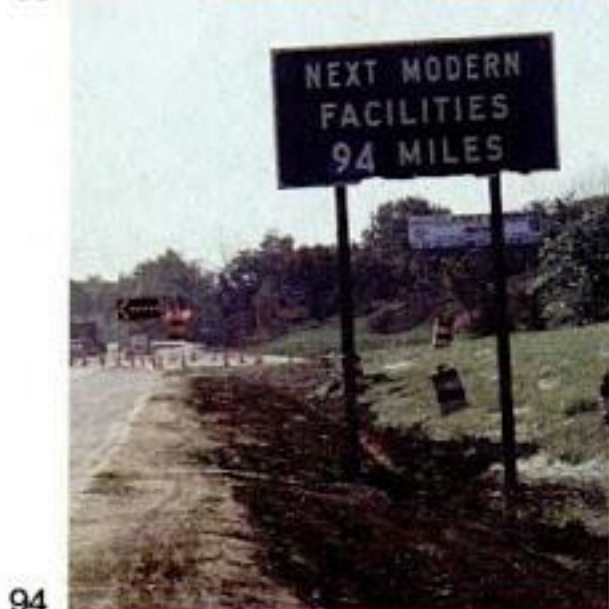
### music, etc.

- 147-167 **News** from all over; on the comeback trail with **Killdozer**; Stewart Copeland conducts the Sarajevo Men's **Choir**; blurry **photos**; Tanya Donelly **eats**; all new insouciant **reviews**. **books** 168-169 Insouciant **reviews**. **movies** 170-172 Insouciant **reviews**. **comics** 178 Vividly skank non sequiturs posing as poignant **camp**.

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# Girl Talk, Part Trois



**Anka** gathers her girlfriends for all the dirt on orgies.

By Anka Radakovich

I was flipping through some old books by Xaviera Hollander that I keep right near my computer, and after reading a few chapters about orgies, I decided that group sex is very hot these days. Group sex, naturally, calls for group discussion. So I brought together the pussy posse—my nubile, sassy, and successful friends who are kind enough to never remark on my physical resemblance to Tama Janowitz.

There are certain rituals to these gatherings that I can't divulge, like the signing of releases that waive all rights to a lawsuit should anyone's anecdotes appear under my byline. After that we generally limber up with some calisthenics of crass: the usual passing of the dirty-tampon bag and a spirited call-and-response of "Fuck. ME! Fuck. ME!" Then I bang my sturdiest dildo on the coffee table and call the meeting to order.

Sandra, a dog walker with thighs of iron, kicked off the proceedings this time by telling us about her most recent orgy—a chain massage that got out of hand after a grueling 12-hour rehearsal for an Off-Broadway production of *Live at Leeds*. It seems Helena Bonham Carter, Representative Maxine Waters, *Blossom* star Mayim Bialik, conductor Kurt Masur, and legendary Bruins defenseman Bobby

Orr were at the point of physical exhaustion.

"We were all pretty stressed out," Sandra explained. "Me, Helena, and Kurt because of the play, Maxine because of the second Koon-Powell trial, Mayim because of Joey Lawrence's burgeoning rap career, and Bobby because of his knees. I guess I just started kneading Maxine's shoulders and Kurt was stroking my feet, when Mayim and Bobby joined in. Maxine starts making gurgling noises under my fingers and Kurt moves up my body until he's pretty much pawing my breastworks, which makes me crazy. I pulled the nearest appendage I could find directly into my mouth, and the rest just happened."

Eyeballs moist with passion, I could hear my pussy growling its approval. So I reached down and slyly fed it a few tender vittles.

Claudia, a green-eyed vixen who makes clothes out of wicker, then recounted:

"I was on a long bus trip through Mexico with novelist Will Self, comedian Jackee, jockey Julie Krone, then-*Tonight Show* producer Freddy DeCordova, and at least two members of Color Me Badd when an incredible rainstorm struck. We had to pull over and make camp right inside the bus. After some improvised daiquiris, Jackee started doing the rumpshaker with Will, and Julie was working three the hard way with Freddy and the

band. I picked up a few warts that night, but it was worth it."

By then, I have to admit, my tuna was sopping through my shorts, and I was looking around the room for a little mayo.

Eileen, a strawberry-blond anthro professor who kills goats with ancient stone tools, was next:

"It was either the 1970s or the '80s—I was drinking a lot then—and I got a call from either Jellybean Benitez or Jello Biafra. I was so high on Benzadrine, or butane maybe, that I just said, 'Hell, come on over, boys!' They get to my place along with a couple of friends, either Gene Simmons from Kiss or Gene-Gene the Dancing Machine from *The Gong Show*. We heard that Shields and Yarnell were staying in the next room and invited them over to mannequin-pose so we could indulge them in a tongue bath. Talk about motionless."

At this point my box was throbbing, my rosebud was engorged, and my mound, my moneymaker, my joy buzzer, my snapper, and Mr. Squeeze were all demanding immediate hands-on attention. Eileen asked, "What's that sweet aroma?"

I blushed and thought about excusing myself when I felt a pair of hands on my ass and another on my shoulders. Someone said something about rubbing uglies and I drifted into Neverland, murmuring, "Pussy posse, pussy posse, pussy posse," to no one in particular.

Anka Radakovich is really, really hot, and she digs having sex with guys just like you.



When you really want to  
read the book and not  
just see the movie.



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# What makes a man beautiful?

Jerry Lampini probes the male mystique.

**W**hat makes a man beautiful? A straight man, that is, like myself, who, though not necessarily beautiful, is definitely a breeder. I mean, I am totally into women. When a woman walks into the room, I'm like, *boing*, hello, look at those tits!

And it makes me laugh when people confuse me with a gay guy, because I'm so clearly un-gay (I don't even have a goatee anymore). Like, I'm interested in the male beauty question, sure, but I'm more interested in big swinging hooters.

So anyway. What does make a man beautiful?

Myself, I judge another man's attractiveness purely by the strength of his handshake and whether he looks me in the eye when he discusses Lollapalooza. Sometimes I'll gaze at the jut of his chin—because, if you think about it, that's the part of a man that most often

resembles a woman's breast. I've been caught more than once staring at the chin of a man, thinking, "Here, titty, titty, titty." (Like I said, I'm crazy for hooters.)

But staring doesn't really reveal whether the man in question has any sex appeal, whether he would be the tiger in bed that women want. Perhaps, just perhaps, I should—I know this sounds crazy—but I *could*, in the interest of research, imagine that man as a woman.

For instance, I could check out the ass. Is it a nice ass? Would I care to touch, or even fondle, an ass such as this man's if it belonged to a woman?

What about his mouth? Would I kiss those lips were they a woman's, or force my tongue between them, as I frequently do with women?

I'm willing to go even further. If I'm serious about this, I should imagine I am

a woman looking at this man. That may sound a little strange, but hey, man, this ain't *Field & Stream*—we're on the edge here. To know if a dude's got what it takes to make a chick stick, I should totally commit to it, really believe I am a woman (as completely insane as that sounds).

I'm willing to do it. I'm going to make myself feel inside all velvety soft and smooth like some fancy lotion. On the outside, I'll become all pretty and bouncy.

Uh-huh, that's it: Men are becoming desirable to me and women are unattractive. Businessmen are starting to appear distinguished, bike messengers sinewy and brave. Even gummy old men have an earthy, pungent flair. I'm discovering that all men possess beauty; some, even great beauty.

And there's nothing wrong with that.

## the determinator

Jean-Claude Skanque, president of the World Fragrance Council, on scents and sensibility

**My girlfriend wears Volupté, by Oscar de la Renta. What would be a complementary fragrance for me to wear?**

A.D. (Dallas, TX)

Skanque. Or you lose her.

**Is it true that some cosmetics companies benefit from extensive animal testing even though they claim their products are cruelty-free?**

D.W. (Buffalo, NY)

I can guarantee that we have never hurt a single animal in the creation of any of our products—since 1986, anyway, when we stopped making Skanque des Lapins Morts.

**At Italian restaurants, I generally**

**order dishes with Gorgonzola cheese. Unfortunately, its heady aroma clashes with my cologne. Any ideas?**

P.Y. (Santa Monica, CA)

Italian food is more appropriate for the Aqua Velva man than for the Skanque *gentilhomme*. Skanque is, however, compatible with all of today's most fashionable cuisines, from Southwest nouvelle to Pacific Rim.

**My 12-year-old nephew wants to start wearing cologne. His parents don't think he's old enough. What do you think?** R.J. (Ames, IA)

You Americans. It is never too early for children to learn the value of fine



toiletries. My son Mookie has been wearing Skanque Enfants since birth.

**I am a typical *Retails* reader. I work overnights at Kinko's, live with my parents, and truly rock out to the grunge sound. I brew my own beer, sleep 12 hours a day, and am learning to play the drums. I also love to read about clubgoing. But how can I possibly afford the sort of high-end cologne that will make me irresistible?** G.O. (Denver, CO)

(Continued on page 103)



*When you look  
good enough  
to smell bad.*



SKANQUE eau de l'homme



Forget Seattle  
(and Miami,  
and Chapel Hill,  
and San Diego,  
and Halifax).

Eric Zicklin

finds the  
capital of cool  
in Harrisburg,  
Pennsylvania.

# Harrisburg's Starting to Happen

**D**anielle and Jen are trying to get rid of me.

"What's the article about?" they ask, and before I can finish explaining why in the world I'm here, on the concrete banks of the Susquehanna, they are talking me out of town.

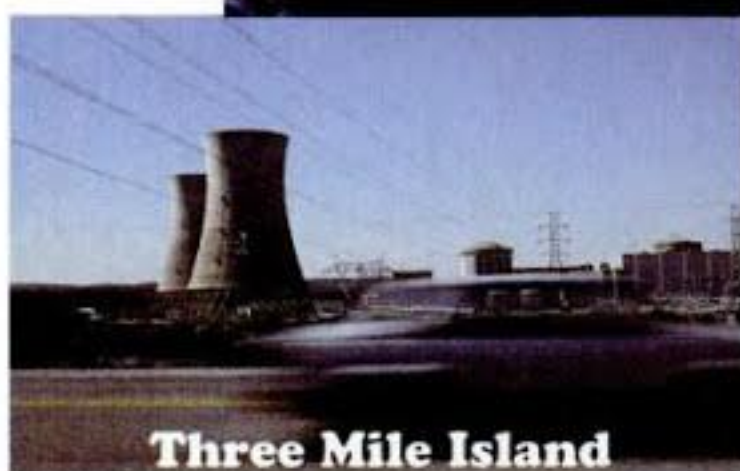
"There aren't any great bands around," Danielle says. "You probably should go to Lancaster or York or somewhere."

"Seriously," Jen adds, "the real scene is in Lancaster."

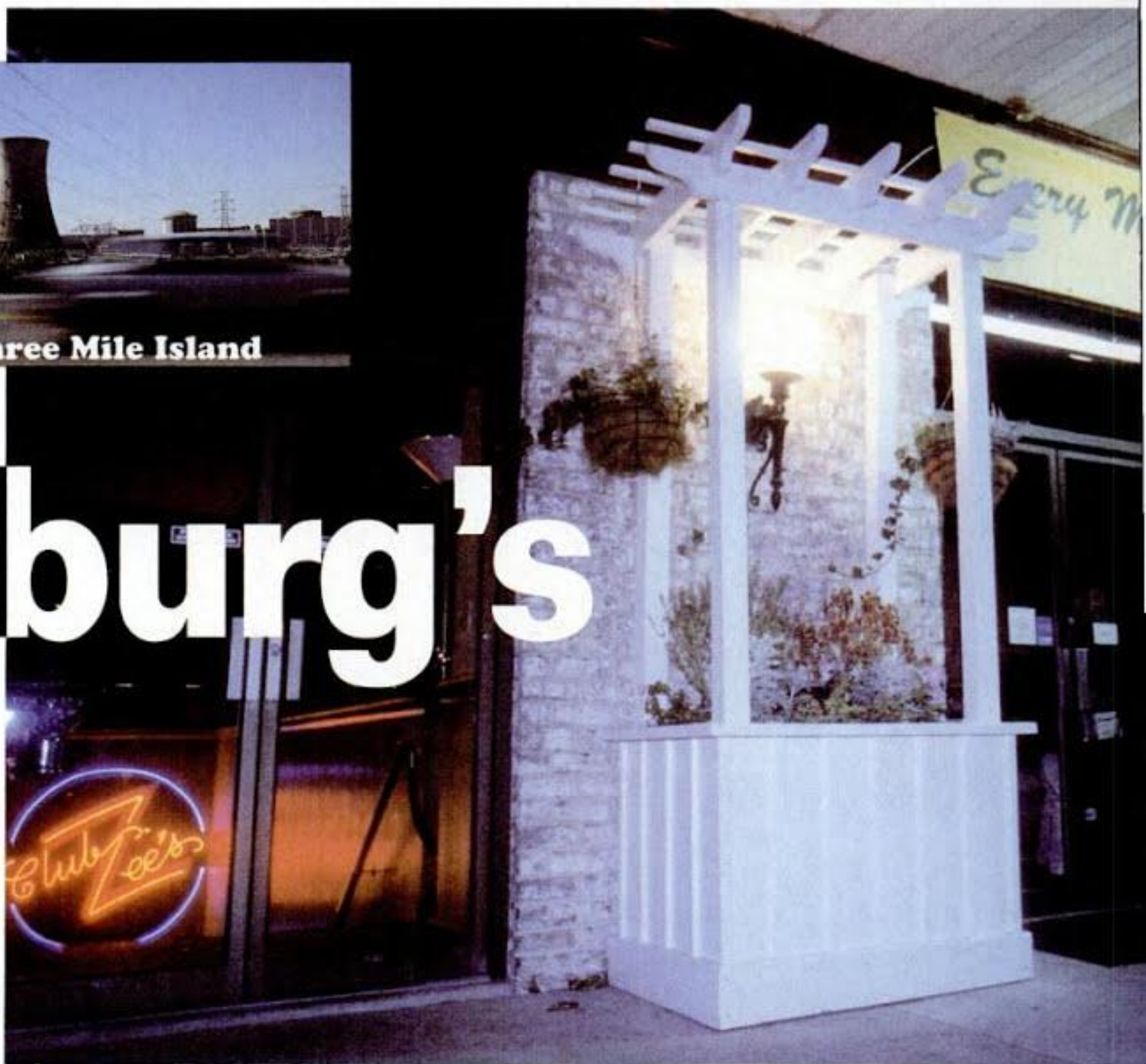
Even pierced-nosed 17-year-olds in Harrisburg know that their city is sizzling hot (did someone say Seattle?), and they're not about to share.

BUT PROOF OF NEXTNESS AND BIGNESS IS all over town, as the major labels flirt with

unrepentant local bands such as Hire, the Filter Kings, and Easy Mickey. Call the reps at Sub Pop and DGC and they'll tell you—the new sound is postreactor river rock, and its heart is in Harrisburg. Harrisburg, population 52,000. Harrisburg, launching pad of the ever-glam Poison. Harrisburg, "Central Pee-Ay."



Three Mile Island



"There's definitely something going on here that's unique," says Kevin Trusty, a regular at the Vault, downtown's grooviest bar (one flight above Harrisburg Hardware). Kevin and I are nursing our Yuenglings—leave those caffe lattes in Puget Sound—while Fugazi wails in the foreground. "People tell me you can go anywhere in the U.S. and say 'Harrisburg' and no one will know where

you're talking about. But *we* know," he tells me. "The people here know."

Later that night, at Club Zee's (it's in the Cedar Cliff Mall, next to the Carvel), Easy Mickey is raging through a set that only confirms them as the most muscular band in town with the courage to get funky. Dancing with the painted clowns

on the club's back wall, Michael Moppin can't keep his knees from collapsing under the angst of "Bleeding." "The ones you love the most," he serenades the smiling circus characters, "are the ones you FUCK the most!"

Members of the Polins and El Kabong are nodding along in the crowd. "They're more progressive than alternative," someone remarks to my right, no doubt a

record-industry promo-geek. He's wearing glasses (dead giveaway he's from Arista), and I'm not the only patron who considers smashing him in the mouth.

After 35 sweaty minutes of low-slung high-strung cardio stylings, Easy Mickey says goodnight. Michael and the



Shadow Rollins



bassist, Deuce, amble over to my table (maybe because I'm sitting with Shadow Rollins of Citizen Cain, maybe because I'm treating on the \$3 pitchers). The four-eyed industry stooge leans in to eavesdrop, so Deuce, who could pass for Perry Farrell in the right light, decides to expound on the bait that has lured these

vultures into town: the Harrisburg Sound. "No such fucking thing," he insists. "There's absolutely

on here."

Eager to see it all, I ask where I should go tomorrow night. "Don't ask me," Deuce confesses. "My wife just had a baby, so I don't go nowhere." Beaming infectiously, he adds, "The other day I played Hendrix for the kid and he was honestly into it. I'm a lucky guy."

As Underground Cartoons starts their set, it becomes clear that Michael and Deuce would consider it rude to talk while another band is up. Unlike the bigger cities (such as Erie and Reading), Harrisburg is still a tight-knit and supportive community.

Cartoons is fairly new to the Susquehanna scene, having moved to the area only a year ago. "We left New Orleans to get closer to the industry," Jason, the pensive lead guitarist, will explain to me later.

Onstage, Jason and the band are gliding through "Sweetest Desire" when Reg, the drummer, breaks a stick. He effort-

lessly reaches for a new one but, after a measure or two, tosses it. Its replacement is also rejected. Now Reg is pissed. Sledge-

hammering the high hat with one drumstick, he is picking through a sleeve of candidates with the other hand and discarding every single one without so much as a trial. There will be drumsticks all over the stage for the rest of the night.

When I ask later what was wrong, Reg says, "Not a damn thing. Just something to do."

With both bands at my table (not a woman among them; how's a rock journalist supposed to develop a pathetic unreciprocated crush in this town?), I ask for the essence of Harrisburg. "You've

got to understand that everything about the area is small," Deuce explains, "which could be the Amish influence."

"And that nuclear plant," Steve, Cartoons's lead singer, adds. "I'm sure that's why I'm losing my hair."

Reg corrects them both. "It's the state capital."

"That's right," Deuce agrees. "There are a lot of state workers here. And when it comes to music, for some reason, state workers love the blues. That kinda sucks for us."

People are filing out of the club. It's not quite 2:00 a.m., but Harrisburg is a blue-collar town that hasn't forgotten its dungaree origins. Most of the guys at my table will be working behind a counter somewhere within seven hours.

Motioning at that retreating fool from Arista, I ask the fellas if they're ready for big-time success. "MTV is the enemy," Deuce declares. "They take whatever's new, they drive it into the ground, then they discard it and call it shit. I mean, can you imagine how sick that guy from Soul Asylum must be of singing 'Run-away Train'? I would never call that success."

Scribbling in my notebook ("Alienation seems genuine here. Fuckin' awesome"), I notice that the table has turned quiet. The guys look sullen. They obviously realize that my article, in its excitement, could forever change the cultural landscape here, triggering an avalanche of attention to their hometown, much like MTV did to Soul Asylum.

These rock 'n' roll studs are sincerely sad that the world is about to know how cool they are; that's how cool they are! Hoping to cheer them up, I ask, "So what should I see tomorrow night?"

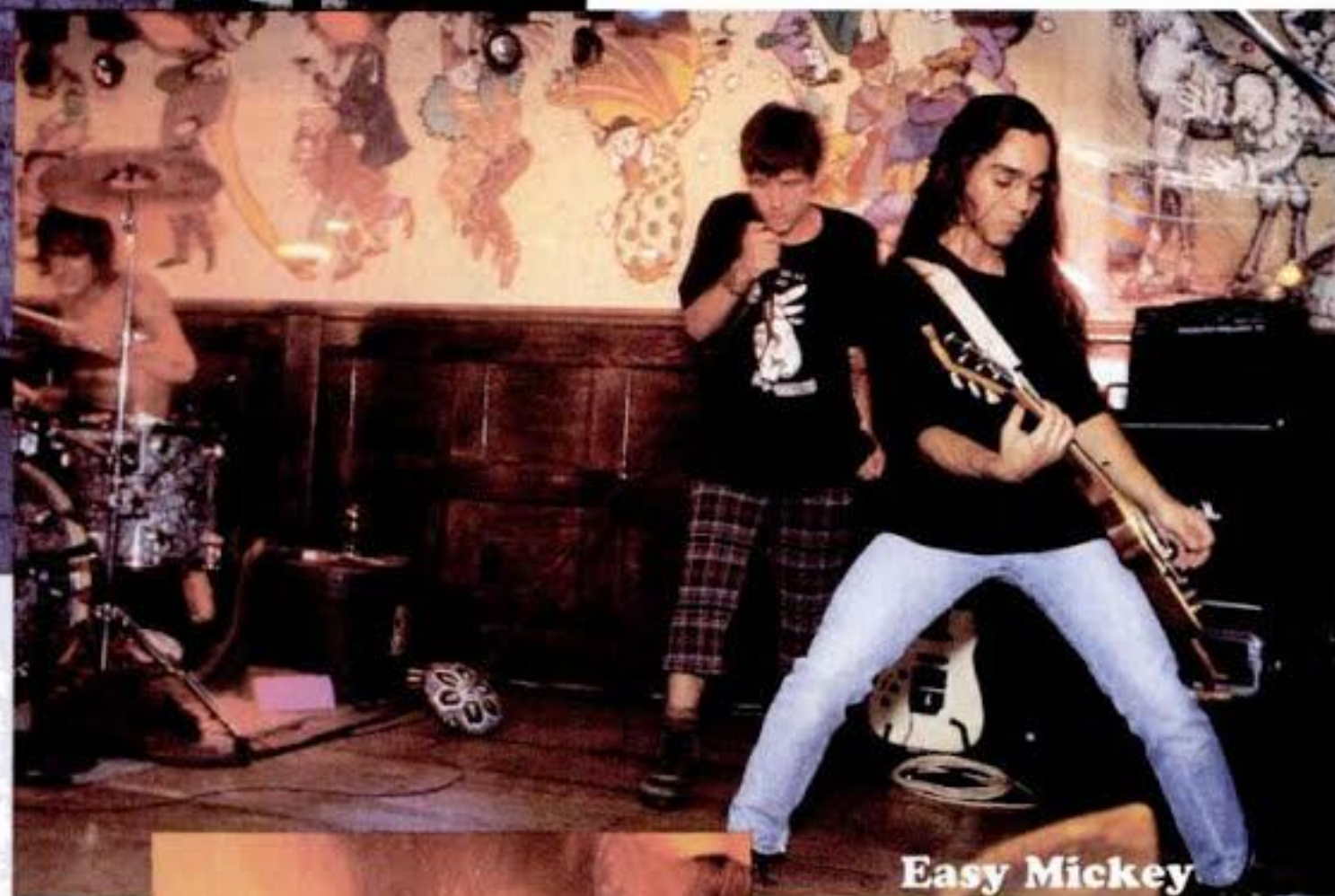
Stony silence.

Finally, Reg, thinking I don't recognize his self-effacing strategy, says, "Uh, you could catch a movie." •

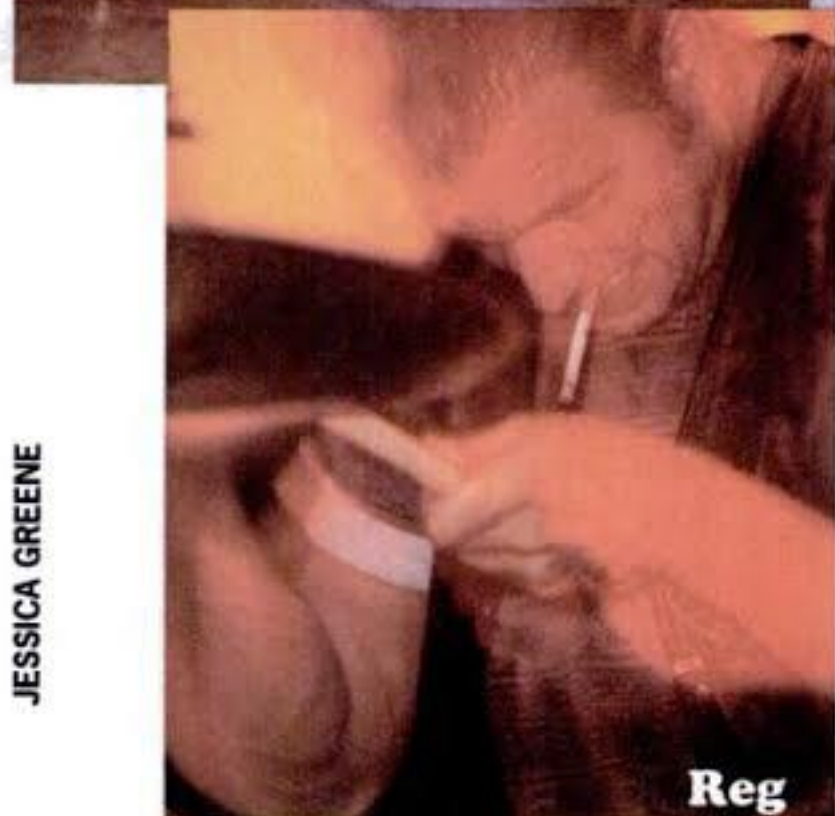
**Jen and Danielle**



**Club Zee's**



**Easy Mickey**



**Reg**

no comparing all the bands in town. There are too many different things going



# Janeane Garofalo

sits on the can, and Kent Sweet listens.

Janeane Garofalo is turning heads. In yellow-laced boots and a super-oversize golf sweater, she is marching toward my table to the angry rhythm of some heavily tattooed, excessively pierced drummer in her head. The former female lead player of *The Ben Stiller Show* and current regular on HBO's *The Larry Sanders Show* appears unconcerned that her almond eyes and hornet-stung lips are tightening the trousers of every male patron in this dreadful uptown pasta trough (her recommendation).

**Janeane, you look great. I saw you on the Emmys, you know.**

I know. I had the best time. And *The Ben Stiller Show* won!

**So who's a better kisser, Garry Shandling or Ben Stiller?**

(laughing loudly) Oh, you're already starting with the tough ones. It would have to be Ben, I guess, because I've never kissed Garry.

**Too bad. You know you smoke too much. When did you start?**

When I was 27. Are you going to mention my freshly scrubbed face? I like it when the interviewer describes the female celebrity and mentions her "freshly scrubbed face."

**Who is the most disappointing person you've ever met?**

Oh, God.

**God?**

No! No! The most disappointing person...probably my mother's mother's surrogate mother. That's my surrogate great-grandmother, right? Or is it my great-grandsurrogate mother?

**Does your mother know what you're doing?**

Of course.

**And what does she think?**

She's thrilled about all of it. Except for my recent foray into Scientology. Mom is actually a very confused

woman. She needs to be audited.

**Does America belong in Bosnia?**

People belong...I think...it's important, really, you know?

**Have you ever had sex with a movie star?**

No comment.

**Oh, come on.**

My privacy is very important to me, Kent. This business is so hard on one's privacy.

**I respect that. Do you have any fantasies left?**

They spring eternal. You know that.

**Tell us one.**

To work with John Larroquette.

**You demon. Did you always know you'd be a fucking star?**

Always. I always knew. Always. But I'd never let it go to my head.

**Has Arafat got a chance?**

As long as he believes in himself, anything is possible. He should, however, be audited.

**I love your hair this way.**

Do you? I hate it.

**You don't.**

I do! How could you *not* hate it? But then *hate* is such a strong word.

**What's the Jerseyest thing about you?**

My love of the Boss!

**Is there a secret to being a sexpot and the girl next door?**

It's so hard being so many things to so many different people. I really have to fight for every moment of me-time.

**What's the second-most-risque thing you've ever done?**

Once, when I was staying at the St. James's, I ordered up an entire case of iced tea, and I washed my hair in it.

**No!**

Yup. Later I heard that that brand supports Operation Rescue, and I felt really bad.

**What's the third-most-risque thing?**

At Château Marmont, I once ordered

up an entire case of Orangina and washed my hair in it.

**Impossible!**

I know. But later I heard that Jesse Helms drinks Orangina, and I felt really bad.

**You know I've got to ask, Janeane.**

**What's the fourth-most-risque thing you've ever done?**

No comment.

**Oh, come on.**

My privacy is very important to me, Kent. This business is so hard on one's privacy.

**I respect that. Ever lickeyboomboom down?**

Less frequently than I'd like. As I get older, I find it's murder on the lumbar region.

**And yet those lips of yours—**

Back off, Kent.

**Sorry. What about NAFTA: for or against?**

Uh, I really don't follow stock-car racing much.

**Are any stand-up comics funny?**

Sinbad. But he's much more than a stand-up.

**What's your theory on Andy Kaufman?**

The MTV Awards. Nineteen ninety-four. That's all I can really say.

**So are you willing to have cheap sex in the name of art?**

If it's in the name of art, how could it be cheap?

**Do you like skank men?**

Sure.

**What about men who are kind of well groomed, even though they're straight and all?**

You mean like you?

**Of course not. Wait. Do I really seem... straight to you?**

You seem nice.

**Could a man with moussed eyebrows ever satisfy you?**

Who are we talking about exactly?







## 21 Executions a-Go-Go

**MISDEEDS:** The Supreme Court rules that death-row inmate's possible innocence is irrelevant to his case once Texas's 30-day limit for submitting new evidence has passed; Texas judge Charles J.

Hearn, 62, signs death warrant with a smiley face; Michael Alan Durocher wins two-year battle against his own lawyers and goes to Florida electric chair; Robert Sawyer (IQ 68) becomes the first person in Louisiana to be executed by lethal injection.

**MITIGATING FACTOR:** Charles Stamper, wheelchair-bound since 1988, inspirationally shuffles his last few steps to the Virginia electric chair with the help of leg braces and a walker.



## 22 H. Ross Perot

**MISDEEDS:** Adds phrase *giant sucking sound* to national lexicon; on the *Today* show and *Meet the Press*, responds to questions about his deficit-reduction plan by saying, "If I had known you wanted them, I would have brought my charts."

**CYBERSCORE:** *Wired* defines to Perot as "to unexpectedly quit, as in 'My cellular phone just Perot'd.'"

## 23 The Holy Rodent Empire

**MISDEEDS:** In desperate gambit to boost attendance at megabomb Euro Disney, HRE introduces alcohol at restaurants, claiming "it's part of the French experience"; releases slate of minibomb movies that includes *Hocus Pocus*, *Life With Mikey* and *Guilty as Sin*; in-



spires slew of fatalities with lying-down-in-road propaganda movie, *The Program*.

**MITIGATING FACTOR:** Spate of tourist killings in Florida drives down the value of Disney shares.

**BONUS POINTS:** New biography unmasking Walt Disney as an anti-Semite and FBI informer.

**CYBERSCORE:** Walt's grandnephew Tim

Disney is chairman of Virtual World Entertainment, which makes 31st-century VR war game *BattleMechs*.

## 24 Unplugged

**MISDEED:** Eric Clapton's album sweeps Grammys and opens way for Rod Stewart's *Unplugged...and Seated* and unironic Stewart revisionism.

**MITIGATING FACTOR:** Acoustic guitars begin to outsell electric guitars.

## 25 Blaxploitation TV

**MISDEEDS:** *Def Comedy Jam*, *Townsend Television* and *In Living Color* plumb the limitless comic potential of jokes about crackheads, the homeless and the L.A. riots; *Sinbad* uses basketball team as metaphor for nondysfunctional family; Aunt Jemima archetype established on *That's My Mama* (1974) and *What's Happening!!* (1976) is continued



by ABC in the form of the title character in *Thea*.

**CYBERSCORE:** *Sinbad* plays a successful video-game designer.

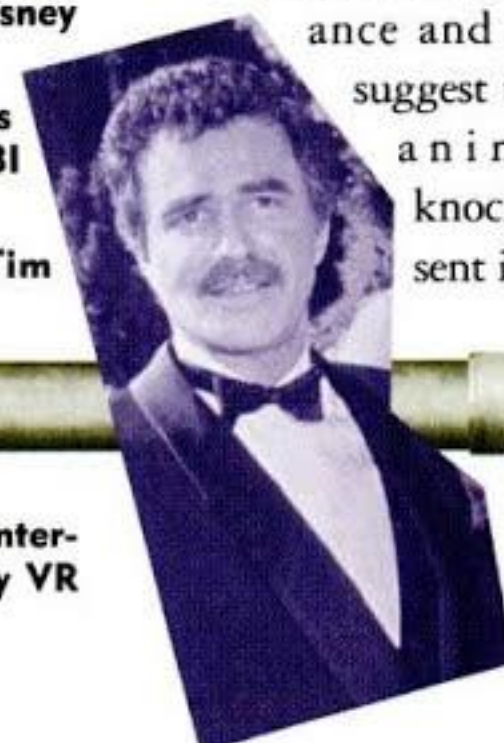
## 26 Great Britain, Basket Case

**MISDEED:** Chronic indigence raises specter of aid packages from fellow Commonwealth member countries Kiribati and St. Kitts-Nevis.

## 27 Till Sodium Pentathol Do Us Part

**MISDEEDS:** Burt's inexorable slide from 1970s stud to 1990s gargoyle hits bottom with demand that Loni allow herself to be injected with truth serum; self-justifying interview on *Good Morning America* backfires when his appearance and demeanor

suggest that a cheap animatronic knockoff has been sent in his place.



## 28 Newly Dangerous Jobs

**MISDEEDS:** A gunman opens fire at a San Francisco law firm, denouncing lawyers as "rapists" and crypto-royalists; an anarchist cell sends letter bombs to prominent academics; Jonathan Haynes, a white supremacist, shoots a plastic surgeon and confesses to having shot a hairdresser for purveying "fake Aryan beauty."

**MITIGATING FACTOR:** Fewer lawyers in U.S.

## 29 Dole '96

**MISDEEDS:** Kicks off presidential campaign with tours of 28 states, including six trips to Iowa and a week-long visit to New Hampshire; his vision of government: "I always say gridlock's a good thing...."



That's what the Founding Fathers had in mind when they created the Senate."

**BONUS POINTS:** Of his bout with prostate cancer, says, "Many patients suffer side effects, including incontinence and impotence. For me, it has been an active and for the most part trouble-free recovery."

## 30 Night of the Living DoD

**MISDEEDS:** Newly unclassified information discloses that U.S.-trained soldiers committed the massacre of El Mozote in El Salvador; officials admit that the Pentagon rigged Star Wars tests; Reagan-devised doomsday mechanism for destroying Russkies revealed to be still in effect.

## 31 FBI AuTo-da-Fé

**MISDEED:** Turns ashram into ashtray.

**CYBERSCORE:** An Arlington, Virginia, man, using Voyager software, has programmed a virtual-reality recreation of the Waco compound, including living quarters, barns and silo.

## 32 Time Warner

**MISDEEDS:** *Time* runs faked photos of Moscow's shocking transvestite-child-prostitute trade; *Vibe* runs pop quizzes: "If you had a beef on the tuph side of the street and someone said, 'Chooze your weapon!' giving you a choice of (a) the Raven .25 (b) the Jennings .22 or (c) the Lorcin L-25, which would you chooze? 'Uhhh, the Raven?' NOT!!"

## 33 Celebrity Goodwill Ambassadors

**MISDEEDS:** Iman in Somalia. Jessica Lange in Romania. Sophia Loren in Somalia. Samantha Fox in Bosnia. Yasmin Le Bon in Brazil. Malcolm-



Jamal Warner in Somalia. Nirvana's Chris Novoselic in Croatia. Susan Sontag directing *Waiting for Godot* in Sarajevo. Elizabeth Hubbard (*As the World Turns*) in Bosnia. Princess Caroline and Fergie considered as UN representatives.

## 34 Rushdie Must Party



## 35 Sharon Stone

**MISDEEDS:** Seduces *Sliver* producer Bill MacDonald by claiming they were lovers in past life, sending jilted wife Naomi into arms of Sasquatch look-alike Joe Eszterhas; claims she was "tricked" into doing *Basic Instinct* beaver shot; says, "Any man in Hollywood will meet me if I want that—no, make that any man anywhere."

**BONUS POINTS:** Of Stone's meeting with the president, Barbra Streisand says, "Why Sharon Stone? She doesn't know anything about policy."



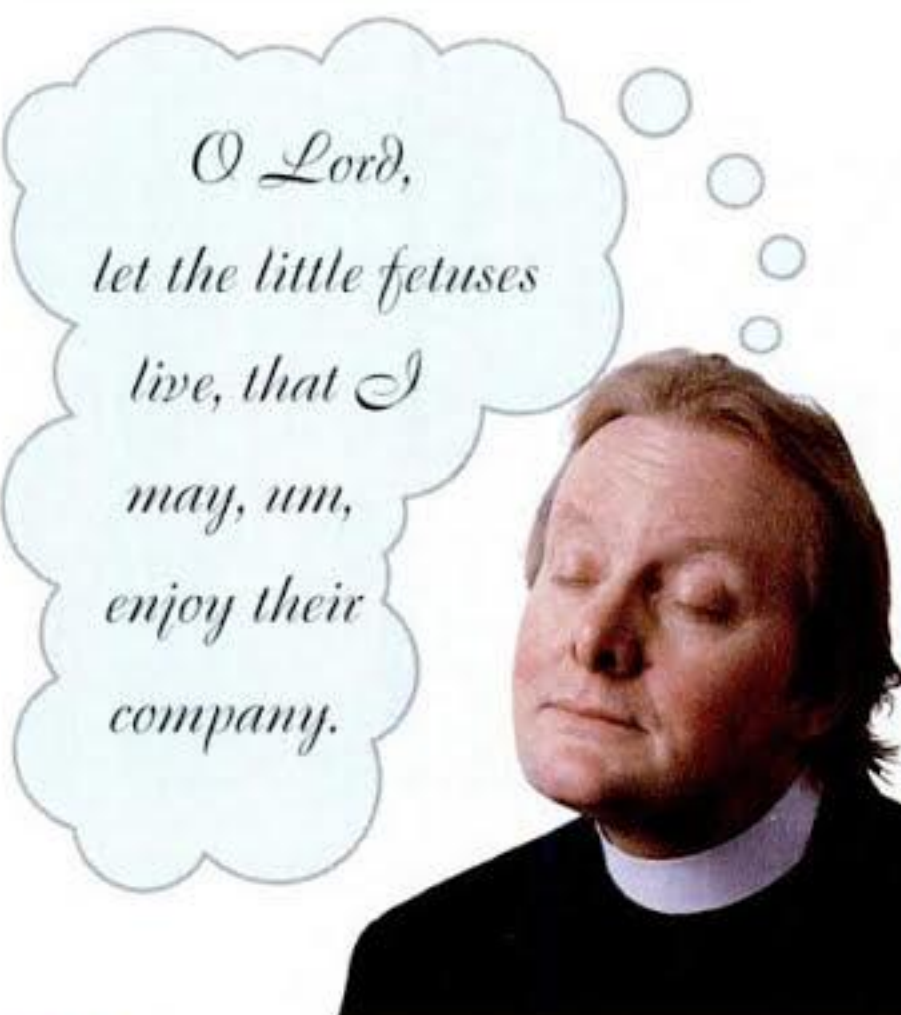
## 36 Men in Uniform Run Amok

**MISDEEDS:** Mail carriers Larry Jasion and Mark Hilbun manage to shoot five co-workers between them, the latter also stabbing his mother and her dog; New York's finest, testifying before the Mollen Commission, admit to regularly shaking down drug dealers, selling drugs and guns and snorting cocaine off their dashboards; Mets' Vince Coleman throws firecracker at 2½-year-old fans.

**CYBERSCORE:** Amok former man-in-uniform Daryl Gates becomes technical adviser for Police Quest, a multimedia computer software program.

## 37 Men of the Cloth Run Amok

**MISDEEDS:** In a gloss on the biblical text, priests around the country suffer the little children to come not only unto them but also onto and into them.



## 38 Pro-Death Pro-Lifers

**MISDEEDS:** Abandoning quaint practice of throwing fetuses at foes in favor of terrorism, they firebomb numerous clinics, shoot two abortion doctors and try to assume responsibility for the shooting of a third, who was actually killed in a perfectly normal armed robbery.

**MITIGATING FACTOR:** The *Mobile Press Register* turns down an Alabama priest's advertisement depicting an abortion doctor with a gun pointed at him and the caption JUSTIFIABLE HOMICIDE.

## 39 I Got Ribbon

**MISDEEDS:** Pink for breast cancer, green for the rain forests, purple for inner-city violence, black for anti-death penalty, white for pro-school prayer, blue for child abuse, blue for pro-tax strike, blue for anti-anti-Koresh raid, blue for the two patricidal nice boys in Oklahoma.

## 40 Birth Parents

**MISDEEDS:** Bid to regain custody of Baby Jessica confuses a public that dimly recalls a baby with the same name down a well; bid to regain custody of Kimberly Mays includes timeless doggerel: "Precious baby in our arms, we never shared your baby charms"; rea-



soning involved in bid to regain custody from gay Seattle couple ("I don't want my child raised like that...but that isn't the reason we want him back") easily mistaken for contradiction.

revelations about a bank-robbing step-sister; a newly discovered half-brother in California; a newly discovered half-sister in Arizona, whose mother "swears

**47 Kids Who Kill Kids**  
**MISDEEDS:** Bludgeoning of a 4-year-old by a 13-year-old neighbor in upstate New York allows *Times*



on a stack of Bibles, when she saw the pictures of Clinton's father on TV, that that was the man she was married to."

**BONUS POINTS:** *People* profile of Socks's newly discovered sister Midnight.

## 44 The New York Times's Desperate Attempts to Seem Hip

**MISDEEDS:** Splashes of color in the Book Review and Real Estate sections; person of color on the Op-Ed page; Styles-esque City section introduced; name-drop Mojo Nixon in editorial headline; Op-Ed column assigned to self-infatuated lardbucket Frank Rich; references to Leon Russell as Leon Red-bone, to *Listening to Prozac* as *Listen to Prozac*, to *And the Band Played On* as *As the Band Played On* and to David Bowie's *Scary Monsters* as *Scary Munsters*.



## 45 Pointy-head Peccadilloes

**MISDEEDS:** A federal jury finds that Janet Malcolm defamed Jeffrey Masson but can't agree on damages; a Connecticut prosecutor asserts that Woody Allen is probably guilty of child abuse but can't be bothered to press charges.

## 46 Slumming Virtuosi

**MISDEEDS:** Yo-Yo Ma records an album with Bobby McFerrin; violinist-of-the-people Nigel Kennedy goes double platinum with another collection of Vivaldi's Renaissance Muzak; James Galway records "Viewer Mail Theme from *Late Night With David Letterman*"; in an inexplicable spasm of long-dormant Polophilia, the entire Western world goes nuts over Henryk Górecki's Third Symphony.

**MITIGATING FACTOR:** Entire Western world does not go nuts over Henryk Górecki's Second Symphony.



writer to report, "They buried Derrick in his baseball uniform, with a bat and ball...at his side"; bludgeoning of a 2-year-old by two 10-year-olds in Merseyside allows *People* writer to report, "James's small, white coffin lay before the altar. Beside it...his two favorite teddy bears"; drowning of a 3-year-old by a 12-year-old in *The Good Son* allows Macaulay Culkin image makeover.

**CYBERSCORE:** Merseyside killers captured on shop video monitors.

## 48 Barry Diller, Visionary



## 41 Unwanted Comebacks

**MISDEEDS:** Bill Murray; Sylvester Stallone; Leonard Jeffries; Chita Rivera; Edith Wharton; Harry Chapin's "Cat's in the Cradle"; Bob Evans; Milli Vanilli; Communists; Diane Keaton; Prince Norodom Sihanouk.

**BONUS POINTS:** Plot of *Return of the Odd Couple* uses Jack Klugman's real-life throat cancer for tasteful pathos.

**CYBERSCORE:** Annual visit of Michelangelo computer virus.

## 42 TV Violence

**MISDEEDS:** V-for-violence-chip opens door to f[uck]-chip, d[ope]-chip, n[igger]-w[op]-k[ike]-chip; in France, two 17-year-olds blow themselves up making a bomb out of sugar and weed killer, which they had seen on *MacGyver*.

**BONUS POINTS:** Four-year-old Brooklyn boy killed when the family's 27-inch TV falls on him.

**CYBERSCORE:** Sega adopts ratings system for its video games.

## 43 All the President's Relatives

**MISDEEDS:** Roger, at a Knicks game, throttles a stockbroker who tells him, "Your 15 minutes are almost up"; *Enquirer*





## 49 George Bush: Why Isn't This Man in Jail?

**MISDEEDS:** Knew about arms-for-hostages deal; abetted secret arming of Iraq; may have strafed a lifeboat in 1944; breaks all pre-existing records for postpresidential venality by accepting \$100,000 to speak at an Amway convention.

**CYBERSCORE:** Erased compromising E-mail and removed computer hard drives before he left office.

## 50 Why Johnny Can't Shoot Straight

**MISDEEDS:** More than 200 NYC innocent bystanders, including 75 kids, shot in the first nine months of '93.

**CYBERSCORE:** Video games count everything you kill, whether you mean to or not.

## 51 The Thieves of Bad Gags



"Split Up at Birth?," *Late Night With Conan O'Brien*, September 17, 1993



## 52 Stogiemanias

**MISDEEDS:** Smell-my-success American males glorified in glossy power-lifestyle quarterly *Cigar Aficionado*. High-profile future cheek-cancer victims include Bill Clinton, Arnold Schwarzenegger, Bill Cosby, Patrick Swayze, Michael Richards, Clarence Thomas, Johnny Depp, Dan Rather, Lee Iacocca, Gregory Hines, Alan Alda, David Letterman and Billy Crystal.

**MITIGATING FACTOR:** Ruth Bader Ginsburg refuses to occupy Thomas's stench-ridden hand-me-down offices.

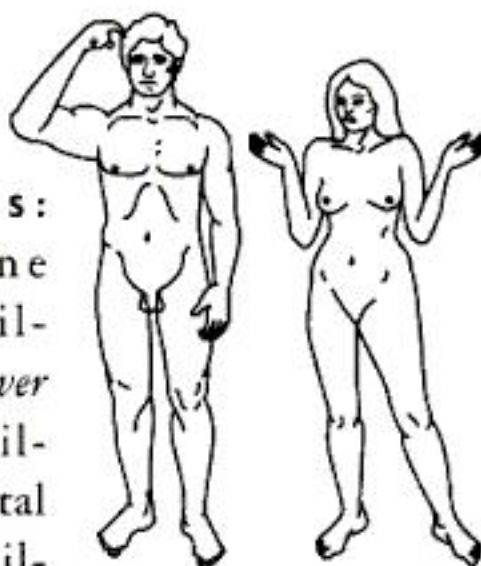


## 53 NASA MISDEEDS:

Lost—one \$720 million Mars *Observer* and one \$67 million environmental satellite; \$1.4 billion *Galileo* Jupiter probe unable to accomplish a third of its mission thanks to a stuck antenna; a new analysis estimates a *Challenger*-like tragedy once every 60 launches.

**MITIGATING FACTOR:** Protestors outside the Johnson Propulsion Laboratory claim NASA only pretended to lose the *Observer* to cover up discovery of Martians.

**CYBERSCORE:** Images from NASA's not-lost-in-space 1976 Viking probes available on the Mars Explorer CD-ROM.



## 54 Those Madcap Immigrants

**MISDEEDS:** Six Chinese would-be illegal immigrants die after their barge runs aground off the coast of Queens; INS officials scramble to explain how alleged terrorist ringleader Sheik Omar Abdel Rahman was ever granted a visa to enter the United States; NEA-subsidized group hands out \$10 bills to illegals at the Mexican border as part of conceptual-art demonstration.

## 55 Real-Life Home Alone News Stories

**MISDEED:** Replace more engaging real-life *Fatal Attraction* news stories.



## 56 Overrated Italian-American Actors

**MISDEEDS:** Win undeserved Academy Awards (Pacino, Tomei); think they're so good in front of the camera that they should be behind it as well (De Niro, DeVito); parlay

years of near-fame into grating Ford commercials (Lucci).

**MITIGATING FACTOR:** Only De Niro overrates Chazz Palminteri.

## 57 Everybody's Stalking

**MISDEEDS:** Sonny Bono stalked by a homeless man; Yanni stalked by the daughter of a shipping tycoon; Edward James Olmos stalked by Mexican Mafia; Joy Silverman stalked by a New York judge; Kathie Lee Gifford stalked by an accused rapist.

**MITIGATING FACTOR:** Andrew Dice Clay also being stalked.

## 58 Queer Like Us

**MISDEEDS:** Kurt Cobain tells the *Advocate*, "I'm definitely gay in spirit and I probably could be bisexual"; Suede's Brett Anderson describes himself as a bisexual who's never had a homosexual experience; lightning-on-the-uptake Marky Mark says it's cool to "suck dick."

**CYBERSCORE:** An on-disk data base available for DOS and Mac called *Queers in History*.

## 59 The Biospherians

**MISDEEDS:** Refuse to talk about their sex lives inside the bubble; use space terminology about Biosphere, referring to "inaugural voyage" and "re-entry," but without compensatory possibility of its ever blowing up.

## 60 Maureen Dowd, Dean of Journalism

**MISDEEDS:** Appears in a *Vanity Fair* photo spread titled "The Gray Lady's Swing Kids"; mutates from *Times* White House correspondent to *Times* roving belletrist, filing stories from Hollywood (on Diane Keaton, Roger Clinton, Joe Eszterhas) and England (on Henley Regatta and Wimbledon), as well as on the Quayle museum and Rush Limbaugh, by dint of her ability to craft such sentences as "The Wimbledon magic steals over a visitor slowly, like eating an ice cream cone on a summer afternoon."



## 61 Clear Products

**MISDEEDS:** Zima Clearmalt, Tab Clear, Clear Ivory dishwashing liquid, Miller Clear, Crystal Clear Amoco Ultimate gasoline, ClearChoice mouthwash, Gillette ClearGel antiperspirant, Clearly Canadian sugary water, Diet Crystal Pepsi, Kirstie "I'm Always Clear" Alley, Tom Cruise, Juliette Lewis.

**CYBERSCORE:** Clear Software of Brookline, Mass.

## 62 Hard-2-Read Magazines

**MISDEEDS:** *Ray Gun*, *Wired*, *Mondo 2000*, *Future Sex*.

**MITIGATING FACTOR:** Not worth reading anyway.

**CYBERSCORE:** Apple-Kodak-Sony-sponsored *Open Wider*, a much-hyped CD-ROM subtitled "The Electronic Interactive Multimedia Magazine," sucks.

## 63 Emma Thompson and Kenneth Branagh

**MISDEEDS:** Branagh alternately billed as "the new Orson Welles" and "the new Laurence Olivier" but never, oddly, "the new Richard Attenborough";

Thompson's shabby-genteel affectations—keeping her Oscar in the toilet, and "my old Oxfam slippers"—somehow more annoying than regular movie-star vulgarity.

**BONUS POINTS:** "We [the British] want our movie stars to be movie stars, not farty little types from Britain"—Branagh.

## 64 The Three-peat™

**MITIGATING FACTOR:** Retirement of Michael Jordan scuttles chances of Pat Riley ever cashing in on his "Four-ward" copyright.

## 65 The Bridges of Madison County

**MISDEEDS:** Vapid, overwritten I-can-read novella about how bored wives reach Nirvana with a good lay sells 4.1 million copies and spawns cottage industry for author, Iowa academic Robert Waller, who sings spin-off album, *The Ballads of Madison County*, and stars in *Ballads* video.

**BONUS POINTS:** More than 500 calls to *National Geographic* asking for Robert Kincaid's photo-essay.

**CYBERSCORE:** Multimedia CD-ROM *Bridges*, with text, ballads and gurgling water, only a matter of time.

## 66 Lesbianism Lite

**MISDEEDS:** No longer hairy man-haters or ice pick-wielding fiends. Now cuddly, cute cover girls. Out is in for k. d. lang, Melissa Etheridge, Martina Navratilova, Sandra Bernhard, Amanda Barse and Dorothy Allison—changing the world one Condé Nast interview at a time.

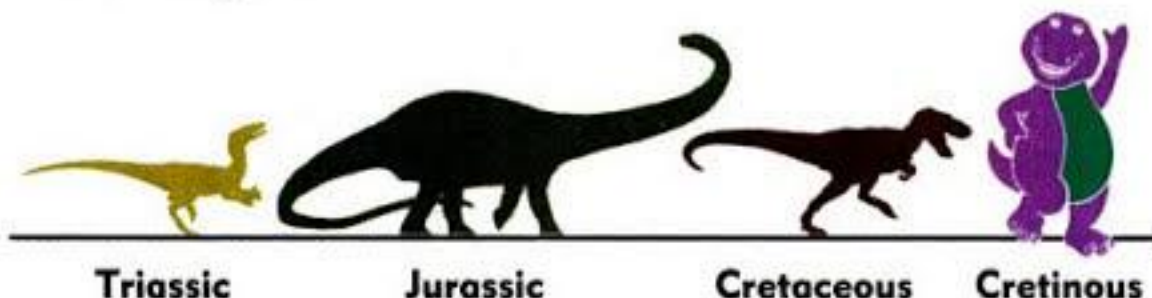


## 67 Nasty, Disempowering, Hurtful, Hateful Movies

**MISDEEDS:** Asian-Americans protest *Rising Sun*, even though the novel's Japan-bashing has been excised from the film; unemployed defense workers protest *Falling Down*'s thesis that they are high-strung and wear pocket protectors; Arab-Americans protest *Aladdin* lyric, "Where they'll cut off your ear if they don't like your face/ It's barbaric, but hey, it's home."

**MITIGATING FACTOR:** *Falling Down* inspires predictably pussy-whipped *Newsweek* story on "White Male Paranoia": "White guys should have realized things were starting to slip at the time of the Clarence Thomas hearings...."

**CYBERSCORE:** No *Falling Down* video game appears, but a computer game called *Urban Commando* lets you blow up meter maids.



## 68 Barney, Not Yet Extinct

**MISDEEDS:** At press time, sales of Barney merchandise top \$200-million; Universal planning to release *Barney: The Movie*; several major record companies fighting tooth and nail for rights to a line of Barney records.

**MITIGATING FACTOR:** Barney backlash—parody of the theme song now making the rounds of schools ("I hate you/ You hate me/ Let's get a gun and shoot Barney/ And a shot rang out, and Barney hit the floor/ No more purple dinosaur").

## 69 Vince Foster Conspiracy Theories

**MISDEEDS:** (1) Was having an about-to-be-exposed affair with Hillary—*Village Voice*. (2) Was investigating the suspicious deaths, declared suicides, of two Arkansas sailors who had threatened to expose navy drug traffickers—*Daily News*. (3) *The Wall Street Journal* made him do it—*New Republic*. (4) Really Harry Thomason's fault for forcing travel office shake-up—William Safire.

## 70 Hardcover Screenplays

**MISDEEDS:** Thinly disguised screenplays *Jurassic Park*, *The Firm* and *Rising Sun* hurtle up best-seller lists, ensuring future blockbuster movies that re-hurl authors up the best-seller lists, ensuring still more future hardcover screenplays.

## 71 Eastern European Success Stories

**MISDEEDS:** George Soros, billionaire Hunno-American, rattles the currency markets and thus helps the Hungarian Stock Exchange take off; Ismail



Kadare, wise, witty, wonderful novelist and Albanian, reviewed in *New York Times*; first Polo Gold Cup held in Prague; Romanian gymnast and homewrecker Nadia Comaneci lights up Great White Way in Jockey for Hers billboard; Polish entrepreneurs lionized in *Forbes*; Mysterious Bulgarian Singers release fourth album.

**CYBERSCORE:** Bulgaria becomes planet's principal manufacturer of computer viruses.



## 75 Pepsi Dyspepsia

**MISDEEDS:** Enterprising Americans nationwide plant syringes and other objects in their Pepsi cans; in the Philippines, a Pepsi promotional numbers game worth \$37,000 goes horribly awry when the wrong winning number is announced, half a million people claim prize, and more than 30 Pepsi delivery trucks are torched in the ensuing riots.

## 72 Battered Celebrity Husbands

**MISDEEDS:** Kelsey Grammer files restraining order against estranged wife Leigh-Ann Cusany; Axl Rose sues fiancée Stephanie Seymour for swinging a chair at him and punching him in the groin; cosmetics heir Dean Jay Factor files restraining order against fiancée Shannen Doherty after she allegedly threatens "to hire a few guys to beat me up and sodomize me on the front lawn."

**MITIGATING FACTOR:** The women deny all the charges.



## 73 Loser Chic

**MISDEEDS:** Inexplicable cachet of sporting goods from the Colorado Rockies, the San Jose Sharks, the

Florida Marlins and the still-incubatory Anaheim Mighty Ducks.

**MITIGATING FACTOR:** Nobody stocking up on Ottawa Senators T-shirts just yet.

## 74 Phony Pot Revivalism

**MISDEEDS:** Ubiquitous Phillies Blunt T-shirts, countless news features on the "hemp" movement, caps emblazoned with marijuana-leaf logos, dope-savvy movies like *Dazed and Confused*, evangelical albums by Cypress Hill, Dr. Dre, and the Black Crowes—all in spite of the fact that DEA statistics show marijuana use down 13 percent over the last seven years.

## 76 Edwardian Fashions



## 77 Still the Next Big Things

**MISDEEDS:** Black 47 ("An Irish version of the E Street Band"—*New York Times*), Harvey Keitel (ABOUT TO EXPLODE—*Esquire*), Chapel Hill ("Forget about Seattle"—*Details*), poetry readings ("The new rock & roll"—*Entertainment Weekly*), Nick Scotti ("Hot, sexy, talented, up-and-coming"—a *Vanity Fair* publicist), the Knicks, perennial next-big-thing Denis Leary.

**CYBERSCORE:** That data glove is still on its way.

## 78 Emoticons

**MISDEEDS:** :) ... :D... : \* ... ;) ... :X... :P... : (... : ' (...O:) ... }>

## 79 Dan Rather

**MISDEEDS:** Pretends to be pleased about CBS's desperate decision to pair him with Connie Chung ("What you're looking at today is a very happy, very excited Dan Rather"); makes fuss about being allowed to say "Goodnight" after Chung because other way around "sounds funny"; complains about "fuzz and wuzz" on the air.

**BONUS POINTS:** New wing in CBS building called "the Chung Unit."

## 80 Renophilia

**MISDEEDS:** Admission of responsibility for barbecuing 85 Christians garners attorney general plaudits from *The New York Times* ("A prized asset"), *Time* ("Pure oxygen in a city with thin air"), *Rolling Stone* ("Classic macho political style") and *SPY*, among others.

## 81 Dennys the Menace

**MISDEEDS:** Black Secret Service agents claim it refused them service; mawkishly hugs mother of one of the men who beat him to a bloody pulp; is subject of 210-page Calvin Trillin nostalgia-fest.

## 82 Lorne Michaels, Comedy Guru

**MISDEEDS:** Parlays position as producer of perennially mediocre *Saturday Night Live* into role of inescapable comedy colossus; cruelly indulges naive comedy writer's ill-conceived dreams of stardom; on strength of *Wayne's World*, plans spin-off movies of every skit of the last 15 years, including *Coneheads*, a Hans and Franz musical and a two-hour Pat vehicle.

**MITIGATING FACTOR:** Is only performer on *SNL* who doesn't stare at the cue cards.



## 83 Transvestite Chic

**MISDEEDS:** RuPaul, nominated for a Grammy, gets to choose his/her category; spawns drag-queens-for-a-day Robin Williams, Evan Dando, Bono, Nirvana, Duran Duran, Gregory Hines, Martin Lawrence, Peter Maas and Jay McInerney; in the wake of such intellectual spine-tinglers as *The Crying Game*, *Orlando* and *M. Butterfly*, Tama Janowitz's career temporarily revived by rumors that she is really "Tom A. Janowitz."

**CYBERSCORE:** A new computer game called *Gay Blade* turns out to be a version of *Dungeons & Dragons* in which drag queens battle Republicans and Christian fundamentalists.





## 84 Shocked Suburbia

**MISDEEDS:** *Time* cover story exposing armed anomie in white suburbia; a single charge of lewd conduct in Lakewood, California, provokes 18 *New Yorker* pages from Joan Didion; a gang-rape trial in Glen Ridge, New Jersey, imbues term *suburban high school athlete* with all the cachet of *urban youth*.

## 85 Charlie Rose

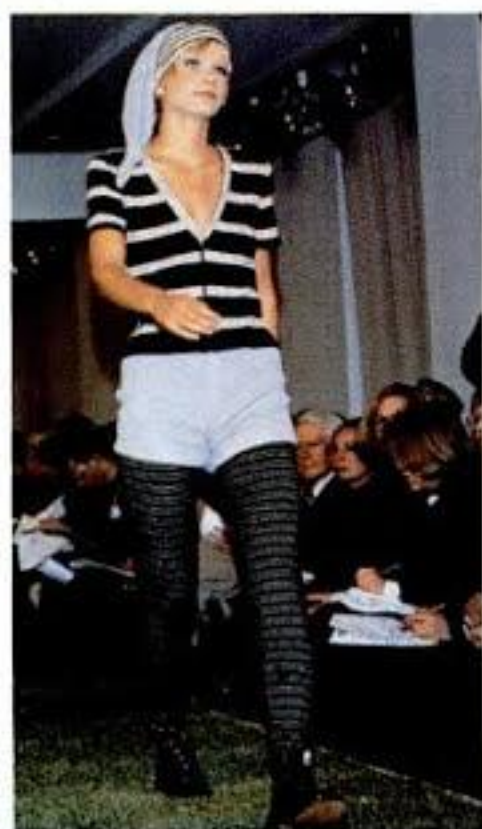
**MISDEEDS:** Calls Abe Rosenthal a "paragon in the world of newspapers"; has young, hip *Rolling Stone* editors on to discuss new music and then asks how the new James Taylor album is; wears ugly ties; is considered handsome by Liz Smith; keeps track of his whirlwind social life on a Wizard pocket gizmo.

## 86 Moss Hysteria

**MISDEEDS:** Angry charges that the "waif" look was created because big, chesty gals like Cindy Crawford et al. were too "threatening" to men; "Nobody who isn't ill looks like those waifs," says Naomi Wolf, who likens the \$10,000-a-day models to "concentration camp victims"; photos of Kate Moss, age 19, in her underwear in *British Vogue* cause angry readers to accuse the magazine of encouraging pedophilia.



## 87 Upmarket Grunge



## 88 Sperm-o-Rama

**MISDEEDS:** Semen as featured player in *Frozen Assets* and *Made in America*; semen as hottest black-market commodity since human kidneys, particularly in the case of Douglas Moss, a Park Avenue gynecologist who runs an illegal sperm bank from his office, passing off Gentile sperm as being glatt kosher; semen as heirloom in at least two contested wills; semen as red herring in off-target thriller *Malice*, and in real-life case of murder suspect who smears ready-to-wear sperm on his victim, *Presumed Innocent*-style; semen as deus ex machina for William Kunstler, who announces at key moment of a murder trial, "You know whose sperm was in his mouth? It was yours!"



## 89 Bret Pack

**MISDEEDS:** Brings us Donna Tartt and *The Secret History* without ever once intimating that an excruciating *New Yorker* story, "Tam o' Shanter," will be part of the package; brings us novelist-as-cheesecake avatar Marina Rust, who road-tests beauty products for *Vogue* ("My nose was so confused. One day I'd smell like tropical-fruit Life Savers, the next day, a rain forest") and poses for *People's* "50 Most Beautiful" issue ("I wear jeans and a big white shirt for writing, then emerge at night in something simple, black and Calvin").

**MITIGATING FACTOR:** Did not come out with a novel of his own.

## 90 Mondo Moron

**MISDEEDS:** Beavis and Butt-head boxer shorts and Christmas ornaments; "Heh, heh, heh" a national catchphrase, even used grannyishly by Letterman; Rob Smigel's "Moron's Perspective"; Pauly Shore's white-hot *Son-in-Law*; Ren & Stimpy; a Tori Spelling workout video ("I'm always being told, 'You have this incredible figure. I want to look like you so badly'").

## 91 WOPs (Wrinkly Old Parasites)

**MISDEEDS:** They oppose cuts in Social Security, they oppose cuts in Medicare, they oppose cuts in welfare, they oppose cuts in cost-of-living allowances, they oppose means tests, they oppose additional funding for public schools and rent-controlled apartments, and they get to ride in wheelchairs through crowded airports.

**MITIGATING FACTORS:** They won the Second World War; they occasionally volunteer to baby-sit; they do not own boom boxes.

**CYBERSCORE:** Electronic transfer of Social Security checks keeps old coots from taking up too much space in the bank on Friday afternoons.

## 92 Hip-Hop Hoo-ha

**MISDEEDS:** A Houston man guns down a state trooper and blames it on listening to too much hardcore rap; inner-city activity of sexual-high-jinks-in-pools repackaged as "whirlpooling" and rereleased with rap soundtrack, "Whoomp/Whoot! There it is," to huge sales; white supremacists arrested for bombing NAACP office in Tacoma, Washington, confess their plan to attack prominent synagogues, military installations and Ices T and Cube.

**MITIGATING FACTOR:** Ice-T's manager claims that Yasir Arafat was "bumping" the rapper's music during his Middle East peace flight to Washington.

**CYBERSCORE:** "I make no apology/ For linkin' my thinkin' to computer technology"—rapper Grand Oral Disseminator.





## 93 The Pope, Inc.

**MISDEEDS:** Authorizes 300 products for World Youth Day in Denver, including Miracle Mug (\$14.95) on which the pope appears over the Denver skyline when a hot beverage is poured in, gold coin with

papal face (\$999), Pope Scope (\$8.50), Warhol-style portrait of pope giving thumbs up and saying "Most excellent" on T-shirt (\$16) and LIFE IS SHORT—PRAY HARD T-shirt (\$16).

**MITIGATING FACTOR:** Destruction of pope simulacrum on national TV proves to be undoing of Sinéad O'Connor.

## 94 Larry Hogue

**MISDEEDS:** Having terrorized Upper West Side for years, crack-addled "Wild Man of 96th Street" becomes media superstar with a segment on *60 Minutes* and saturation coverage in *New York Post*; pulls off a Madonna-worthy image rethink on release from a Queens mental hospital, chiding reporters, "I'm no more of a drug addict than you are"; re-emerges in a Manhattan hotel room, surrounded by drug paraphernalia, and later tries to throw a chair at the judge at his arraignment.

**MITIGATING FACTOR:** As combatant in Vietnam era, was beamed by an airplane propeller.

## 95 Virginia

**MISDEEDS:** Ollie North as senatorial candidate; courts take away lesbian's son and give him to grandmother whose boyfriend allegedly molested boy's mother as a teenager; psychotic feminist heroine lops off drunk husband's penis; reigning gun capital of the world; home of polo-playing Sam Shepard; headquarters of fundamentalist frothers Pat Robertson and Jerry Falwell and famous white-trash, born-again theme park, Holy Land USA.

**CYBERSCORE:** Penis cutter technically a hacker.

## 96 Embarrassing Dads

**MISDEEDS:** President Clinton's dad, William Jefferson Blythe (his sales pitch stretched to more than vacuum nozzles); General Shalikashvili's dad (a card-carrying member of the Schutzstaffel); tennis star Mary Pierce's dad (a bail-jumping felon who stalks the family through Europe, jeopardizing the \$500-a-week allowance his daughter gives him, and remarks, "I slapped Mary around only once and she knows it"); Siamese twins' dad, Kenneth Lakeberg (who funnels his children's benefactions into a \$1,300 cocaine binge, saying, "I think I deserved at least that much").

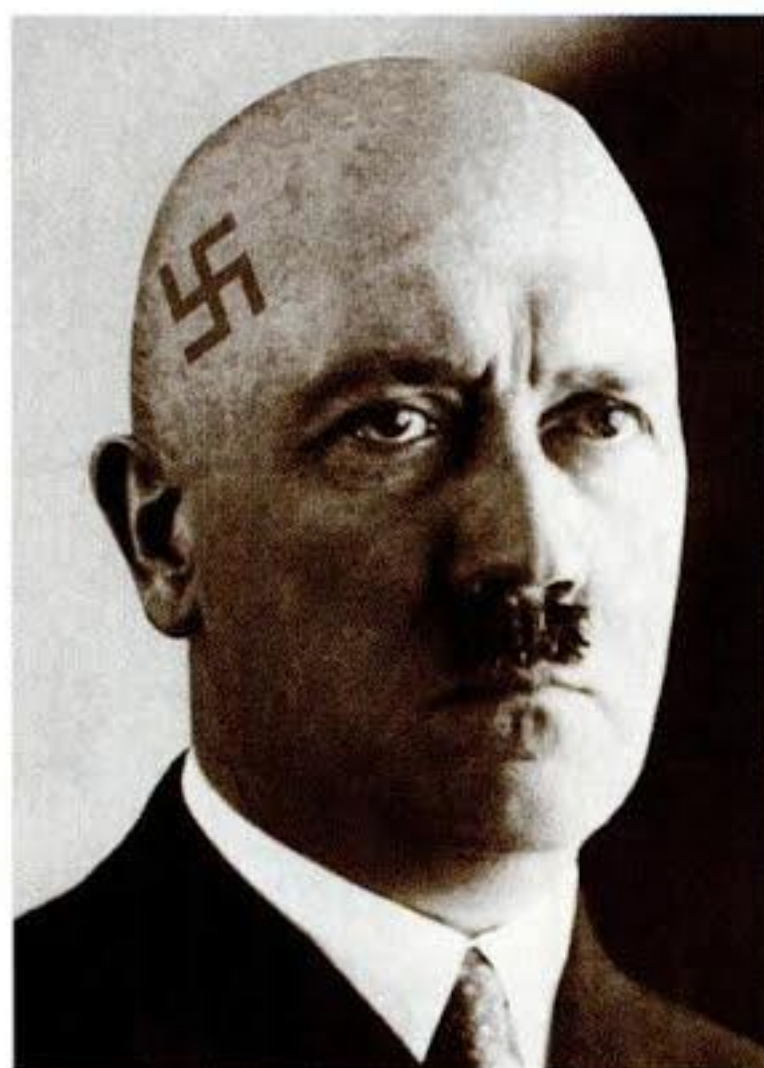
## 97 Things Beginning With E

**MISDEEDS:** E! Entertainment Television; *E. coli* bacteria; E. Graydon Carter.

**MITIGATING FACTOR:** E. B. White's prose still sparkles.

**BONUS POINTS:** Massacre in E. Timor still being ignored by mainstream media.

**CYBERSCORE:** E-mail.



## 98 Germans

**MISDEEDS:** Having totally ruined the first half of the 20th century, the Krauts go for a twilight-of-the-millennium hat trick. Kraut lending policies shred the fragile tapestry of Western Europe's currency structure; Turk-murdering Kraut skinheads revive Depression-era brown-shirted

unpleasantness; Kraut stabs world's preeminent Yugoslav tennis player in the back, ensuring Kraut Steffi Graf's victory at Wimbledon and the United States Open, and then gets suspended sentence from Kraut court in Hamburg; worship David Hasselhoff as *Übermensch*.

**BONUS POINTS:** Krauts play host to Gary Puckett when he rerecords his hits "Young Girl" and "Woman, Woman (Have You Got Cheating on Your Mind?)."

## 99 Cheers Grief

**MISDEEDS:** Press glut of fond remembrances by ex-celebs like Norman Schwarzkopf ("We've had a lot of people like Cliff serving in the military...") and Michael Dukakis ("Sam's the guy I relate to"); final episode packs 30 minutes of humor into 90 minutes; most of cast gets vomiting-drunk on live *Tonight Show* that follows; "I am in a deep, dark, dismal depression"—Kirstie Alley; "I just bawled my eyes out. I never mind crying. An adult is nothing but a child with layers on"—Woody Harrelson.

## 100 Madonna

**MISDEED:** *Body of Evidence* boxes, cluttering up video-store shelves, far too easily confused with higher-quality direct-to-video feature *Body of Influence*. ☹





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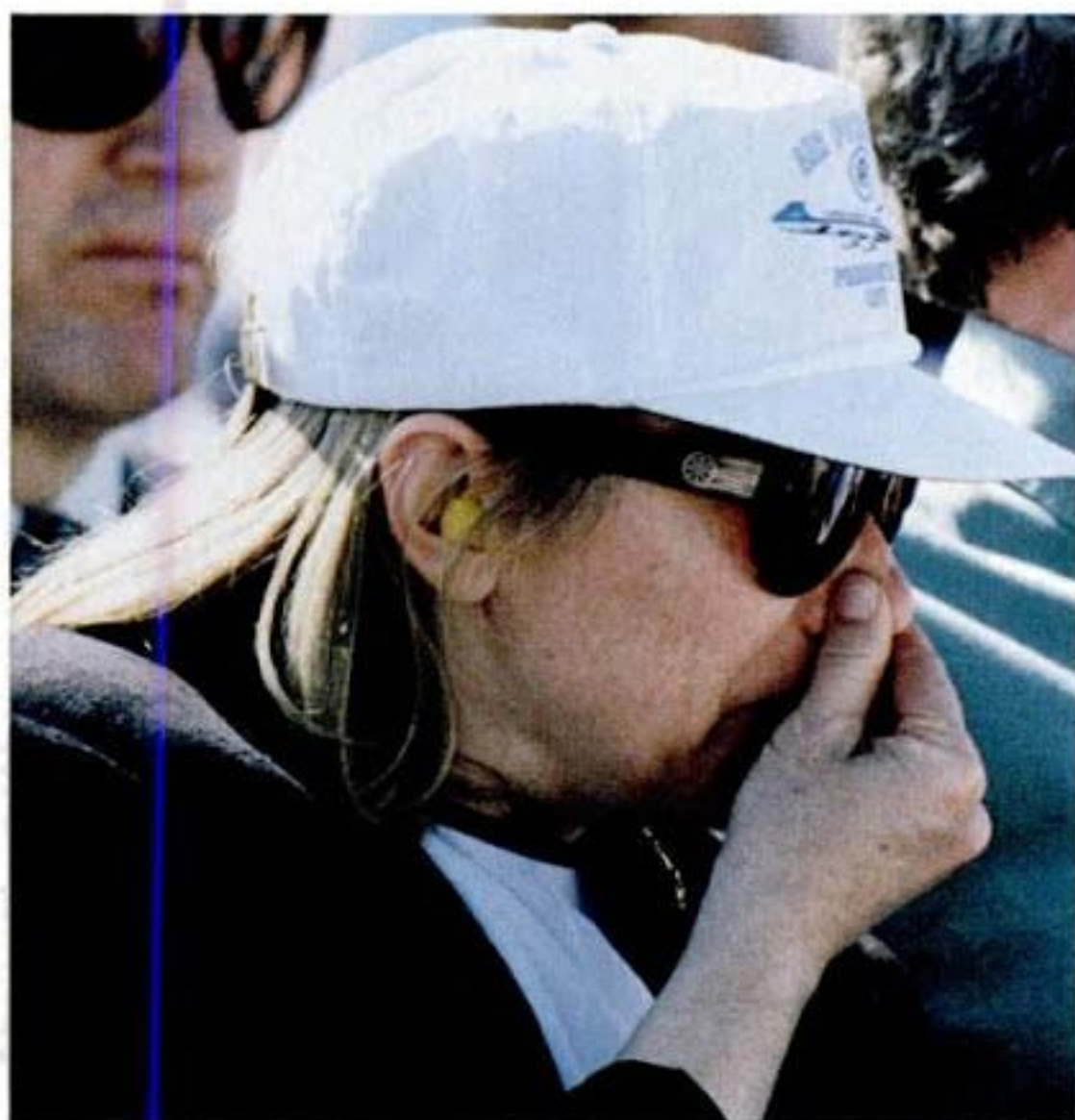
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# BIG PICTURES

**This month:** *The Clintons, monarchs of pain; romance blooms in Japan; Gorbachev and Mitterrand clear the air; ogling the oligarch. January 1994*



Hillary Clinton conducts an impromptu experiment in sensory deprivation, while her husband induces a painful migraine in a future voter.





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Japanese high school students  
enjoy a demonstration of their  
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**SPY** *BIG PICTURES*







Mikhail Gorbachev bests  
host François Mitterrand in a  
traditional French farting game.



**SPY! BIG PICTURES**



Zairean quadraphonic-headphones enthusiast makes eyes at a bust of President Mobutu Sese Seko.



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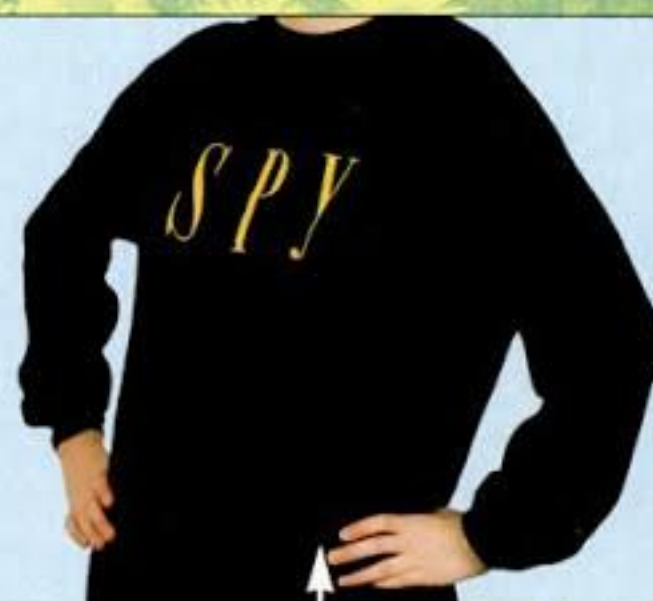
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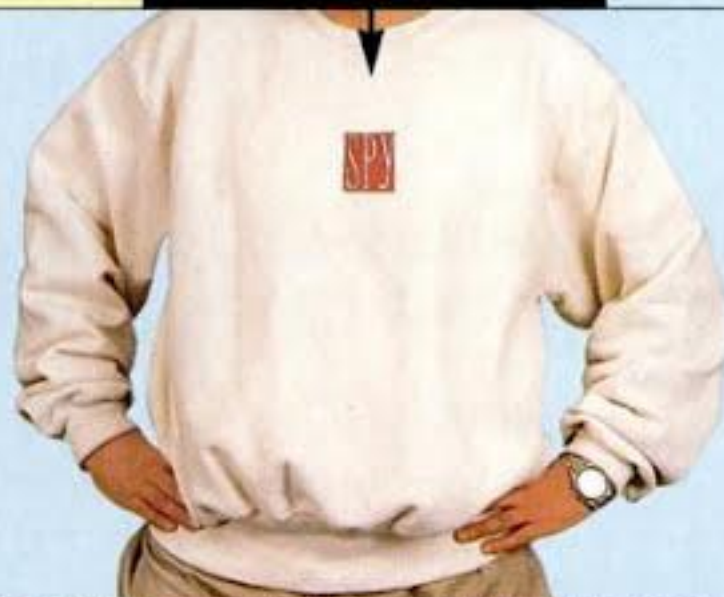


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# A Brownish Christmas

By Mark O'Donnell

**I**t was Christmas morning, but that didn't seem to matter to Clad Brownish, the smartest boy on earth. He had risen late, and his pajamas with the extinct-mammals pattern were studded with some of the caramel corn he'd spilled in his bedsheets during a typically sleepless night. Clad's high IQ made sleep impossible. Although he was only twelve, lifelong insomnia had left him looking thirty, which might have unnerved salespeople, but he never went out. The court had awarded him custody of himself when he was eight, and they were lucky he hadn't hypnotized them into giving him more.

As on any other morning, he read the dozen papers he subscribed to, which invariably annoyed him, because whenever there were speculations about who had assassinated someone, or what had ruined the economy, or where a missing child was, he knew the answer. The clamor of ignorant rescue squads irritated him. He never shared his knowledge with the authorities, though. He was also the most selfish boy on earth.

He had been named Clad by accident. Aware even in the womb of the

potential dangers awaiting him, he had tried to improvise armor for himself by plaiting stray bits of placenta and wrapping himself in them. "It's *clad*," the delivering doctor had observed, and the recording nurse had misunderstood. Clad always said he'd been frustrated by the confusion but had been unable to explain himself until weeks later.

It was almost noon when his older brother Ouch arrived at Clad's vertiginously cluttered apartment. Coincidentally enough, Ouch was the nicest man on earth, though his extreme goodness had left the thirty-year-old looking merely twelve, and that meant he was constantly being bullied by thirteen-year-olds. On Christmas, though, his boyishness was dismissed as holiday decor, and he could travel unharmed. Incidentally, the doctor who had delivered Ouch hadn't said "Ouch." Ouch's mother had just liked the name.

Ouch carried with him a tray sloppily covered with strips and scraps of aluminum foil, as if mice strapped for supplies had tried to devise a tarpaulin, and a young but hard-looking woman was with him. Although she wore wooden shoes and a white peaked cap and apron, they were soiled and worn, and her blond braids contrasted confusingly with her heavily and amateurishly made-up eyes and lips. She seemed

resentful but too tired to argue.

"Let nothing you dismay!" Ouch tried gamely. Since he was good, he didn't want to annoy his brother with any overfamiliar Christmas refrain, but since he was good, he was compelled to celebrate. He and the uneasy girl tiptoed through the intentionally shattered model airplanes and smoldering electrical experiments to find where Clad lay murmuring "Of course!" and "Obviously!" to the manger of newspaper sections surrounding him. Clad hadn't bothered putting up Christmas decorations—the only holiday he seemed to like was V-J Day, which he spent imitating nuclear explosions, usually until he lost consciousness.

**C**lad, are you going to stay in those pajamas all year?" joked Ouch, in the unfunny way nice people do. Actually, Clad had worn this pair for only a few weeks, and he usually remembered to put a smock over them when he was at his dissecting. The only time he had ever been tempted to go out was to see a supernova he knew would be visible only from one Southern Hemisphere telescope. He would have had to take a plane, train and boat, though, to get to it, and he had a fear of heights, widths and depths, respectively.



Clad continued fanning through books and magazines as though looking for secreted money or subscription blanks, and muttered, "Math error in the statement of ownership" and "The new premier's a spy." He paused, picked up a comic book and addressed his brother. "Who's she?" he asked. The doctors had said he had an unreasonable fear of strangers, but Clad knew it was reasonable.

"This is Oola," Ouch said hopefully. "I met her just now passing the bus station. She's a long way from home and has no one to spend Christmas with. I asked her to join us. We can be a kind of alternative family. It's like our own TV Christmas movie." Emotional appeals to Clad had to be disguised as technological playthings. "Oola's from Holland."

Clad finished his comic book. "They always go back to examine their own bombs, that's their tragic flaw," he sighed, letting the comic book drop, and then murmured to himself derisively, "Did she take the bus from Holland?"

"At least say hello to a poor homeless girl," Ouch said evenly, challenging his brother to do a simple sum if only out of idleness. She shivered, even though the small room was as close as a closet.

"Things bad in Holland?" Clad offered finally, amusing himself until he figured out what to do with them.

"Horrible," Oola answered. "All the cheese is rotten, the dairies flooded. Mutant tulips are buckling the highways. My parents wouldn't let me date. I had to get out." She found a bottle of whiskey that Clad used in his synthetic-fuel experiments and took an unashamed swig, having rightly guessed there were no glasses in the place.

"I brought some food for us, and a present for you!" Ouch put in, to refresh the proceedings. He set down the haplessly foil-festooned tray and took a microchip from his coat pocket. "It's the Bible in secret code, sup-



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posedly unbreakable—at least according to my friend in the State Department who had it made for me. I hope you enjoy it!” He offered gifts with the falling inflection others would use to ask for them.

Clad accepted the small golden

chip indifferently. “I’ll do it with my crossword puzzles,” he lied, and turned to Oola. “The way you’re breathing—you’re going to get a bad cough soon.”

Again Ouch sent a dove into massing thunderheads. “Why don’t

you come with us to the hospital? Mom said she’d fix those butter sticks rolled in Kool-Aid you like so much. They let her use the kitchen in off-hours.”

Clad stretched and went to the window. “It’s foggy out. Too many traffic risks. I can make Kool-Aid sticks here. Besides, there’s a special on Antarctica I want to watch.”

Oola seemed more relaxed, and sat on a stack of statistical abstracts. She peered suspiciously at Clad, like a bad child unwilling to be at the zoo. “Didn’t you get your brother anything?” she asked him in her foreign accent, which is supposed to excuse frankness.

Clad stared out into the invisible street, where automobiles could be faintly heard colliding. “Maybe I will,” he responded finally, and changed the subject. “Do you have any chocolate bars with you?”

She shifted nervously on her precarious stool of books. Obviously she had the chocolate.

Clad turned to Ouch. “That deli platter you bought is spoiled. If we ate it, we would die.”

“But the men at the store had sold all their other platters,” Ouch protested, “and they were so afraid they wouldn’t sell out completely.” They had run out of foil at the deli, but there had been some safe-looking scraps of it in the Dumpster. He was embarrassed, aware that he’d been too impulsive, but he tried one final, tertiary upsurge. “The mayor asked us over, too! He said he’d give you rifle-range access at the police academy in exchange for a hint or two about the crisis in our schools.”

Clad didn’t turn his head from the window. “Everyone wants to pick my brain. You don’t know what it’s like. You’re nice, there are no useful meetings in that.” Ouch flinched at the reminder that his all-volunteer career had to be subsidized by fact-checking local obituaries. “By the way,” Clad added, with

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the easy malice of a twelve-year-old. "You listed that poet as fifty-seven. She was sixty-three. Poets lie like movie stars."

Unexpectedly, Ouch burst into tears like a bladder too eager to empty itself while its owner fumbles with keys. "I can't go on!" he sobbed, and his freckled face flushed, sunset on a herd of sheep. "I've been under such strain! I joined the volunteer fire department but they still don't have equipment for me, and those last few fires have been so *hot*!...The health department took my squatters away—just when I thought I could cure their kleptomania!...And you know my Let's Pretend Theater van got totaled by a semi!"

"Don't forget your loneliness, either," Clad added indifferently.

Oola took advantage of the unexpected confusion and drew a pistol from her largest apron pocket. "All I want is cash," she said tensely. "You can have your books and everything." On top of her bus lag, she felt the headiness of irreversible bad behavior, and she weaved slightly. Ouch might have grabbed the gun, but he knew it wasn't his. Clad made a tiny whistle that pricked her inner ear and Oola dropped her weapon, which was slippery with melted chocolate anyway.

"You're both having a terrible time," he announced impassively, like an archaeologist reading the diary of someone long dead. "But I can help you." He had never helped anyone before. It might have been a TV Christmas movie, except Clad's voice was apathetic and Oola had begun coughing at his big moment. He focused on both of them, far more intently than he had before, for several long seconds. "Now come with me to the window," he said.

The littered floor seemed to sweep itself clean before them as they walked dizzily to the window. Outside the fog was gone, but the light in the streets flickered like a

strobe and characters flitted past like dirt on an old film of a landscape.

"You're making the time pass quickly?" Ouch asked fearfully. He had done well in school himself, but he didn't like advanced placement.

"No!" scoffed Clad. "That's impossible. I've hypnotized you both into very slow metabolisms, so that time seems to be passing quickly." Beneath them traffic darted past like bubbles in a fluid injection. Sales and salesmen came and went and the city lights oscillated wildly, one giant haywire pinball machine. Oola clenched at the velocity, and her blond braids began to dull.

"But Clad!" Ouch trembled. "You're right along with us, talking to us! Why don't you seem to be zooming around?" He had begun to weather and contract, like a plush toy left in the rain.

Clad shrugged, though it took two weeks. "I decided to hypnotize myself too," he said. "It's like improving a bad video game by increasing the speed. My theory is, I should like it this way. The hazards seem less real. Think of it as speeding through a falling-rock zone, racing beyond pointlessness." His eyes took on the glazed resignation of someone watching a computer try to work an irrational number out to its final digit.

In the street far below, parades and funerals flashed past like pages flipping by in a magazine Clad was reading, with only occasional glimpses of abandoned cars. Awnings opened and shut like hummingbird wings in flight, and only the potholes were unchanging. Rats had long since eaten the deli platter and died. Somewhere windmills spun and ground themselves into nothingness. Dim gremlin chittering, like a film fast-forwarding on a forgotten screen, eddied in their ears. After a while only puckering Clad, strapped into his own trance, with his keenest ears on earth, could make out the periodic droning of sirens and, once every winter, the pealing of bells. ☾

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RETURNS from news agents	116,128	132,392
TOTAL	321,987	344,389

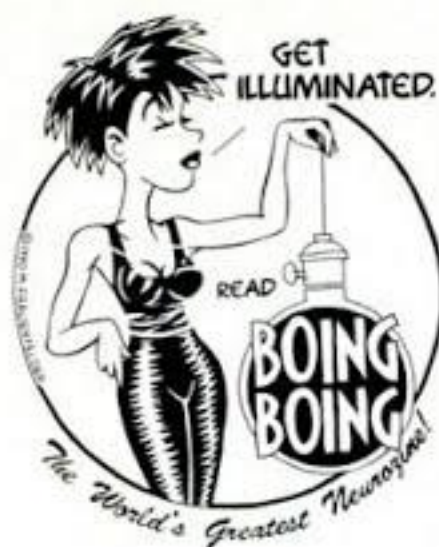
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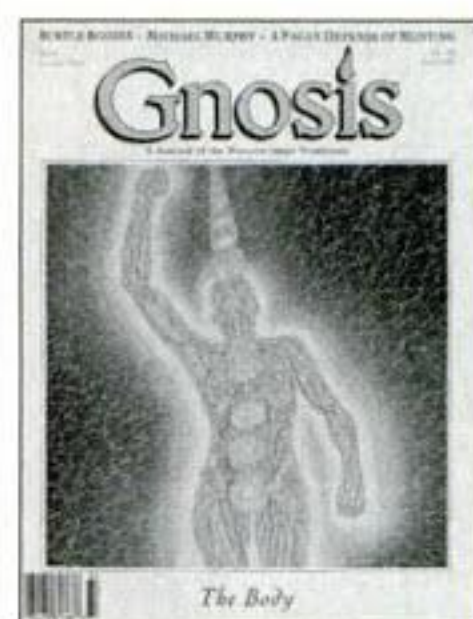
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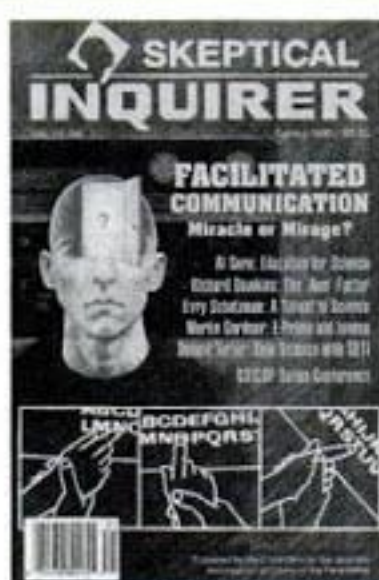
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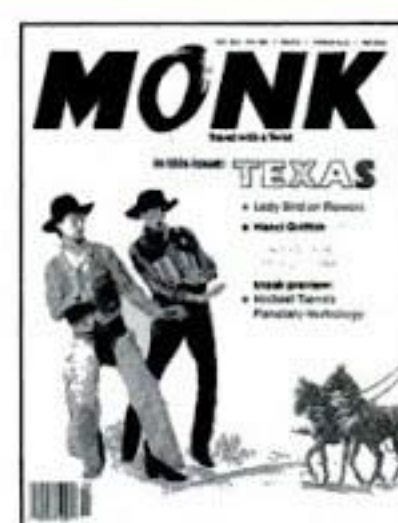
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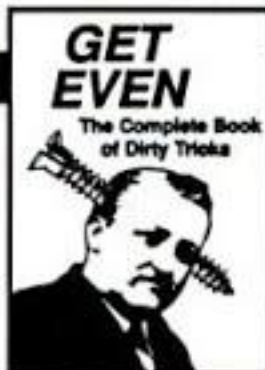


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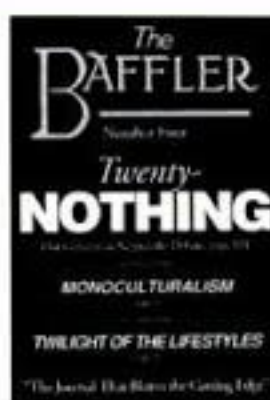
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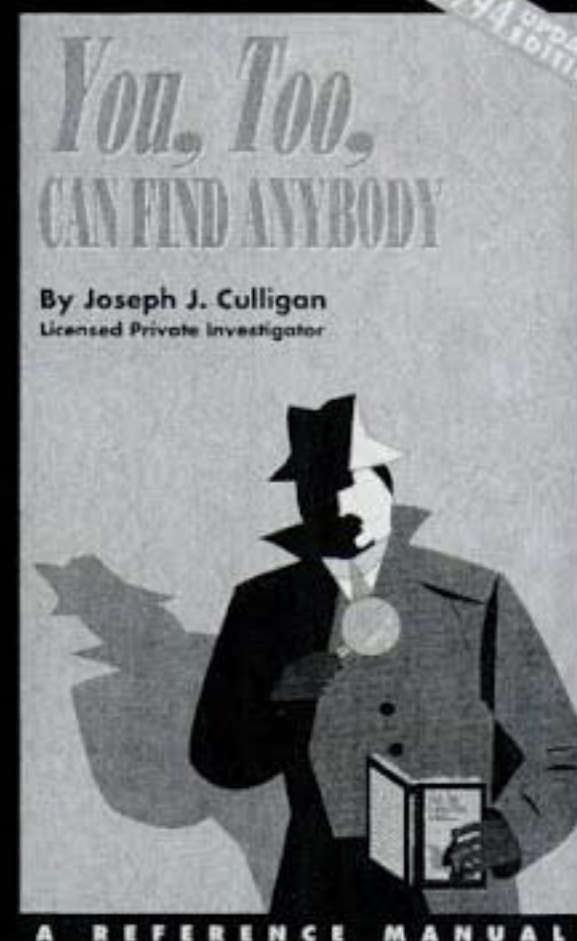
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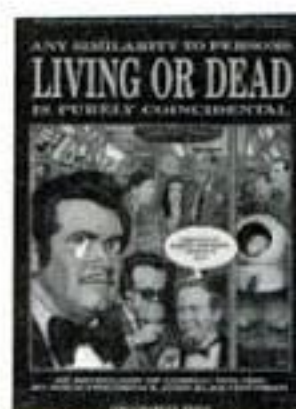




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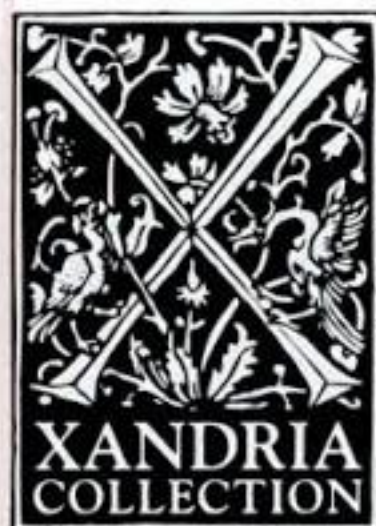
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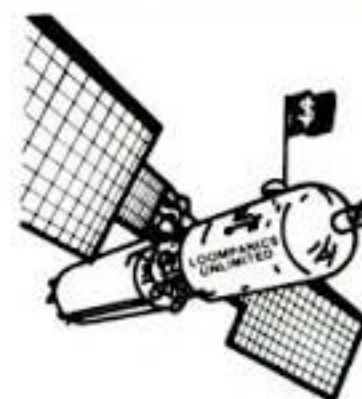
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# Sent to Cyberia

**Our On-Liner Goes for His First  
Spin on the Electronic Superhighway**  
*by Ellis Weiner*

Remember last month's column, when I announced my intention to explore the Internet? Well, I'm back. Frankly, it feels as if I've never left, and, frankly, I never have. That's the beauty of it: You can get comments from a guy in France about the overabundance in his town of bass players or divulge the lyrics to "Night and Day" to a woman in Italy (she had posted a general query) without ever leaving your squalid office.

But first you have to get "there." Many corporations and universities provide free Internet access to their employees and students, and if you live in a major city, chances are you can sign up with a local commercial service. But if you live in a minor city (or, like me, in a major town), you must select from among several national on-line services, not all of which feature what in our house we call full Internet connectivity. Some restrict you to E-mail. Now, experiencing the Internet through E-mail is like experiencing Mardi Gras by being confined to your hotel room with your relatives. I had to find a service offering complete Net access.

When I did, I assumed it attracted a serious, sophisticated clientele with high intellectual standards, i.e., totally excellent people like me. But who would they be? The Member Directory asked only for your name, hardware and software; everything else about this mini-auto-bio, including its very categories, could be added at the member's discretion or lack thereof. Who was out there in my wonderful new compunity?

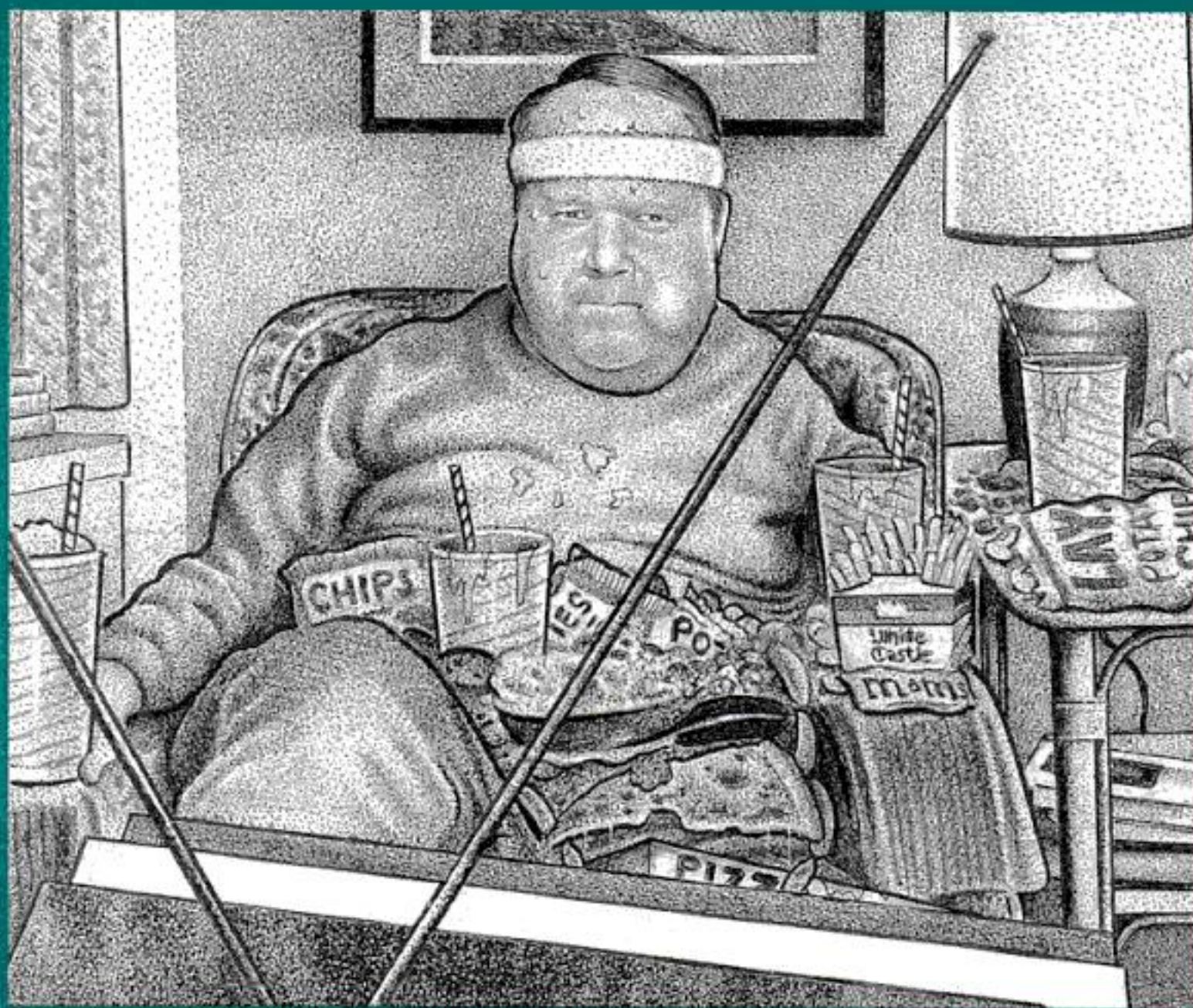
One person evinced a winningly self-deprecating sense of humor: After INSTRUMENT, Member-Name 905 wrote, "I own several guitars, one electric Gibson explorer, and an ovation [*sic*], and Gibson acoustic. However I

don't seem to have any talent." Not bad, 905! And how reassuringly sane, compared with 1WIZARD's panting, Peter Lorre-ish entry. Having thoughtfully provided the category DOG, 1WIZARD entered beside it, "Have a pure bred lab/boxer mix, very rare..... ha ha....her name is MAXIE."

Understandably unnerved, I fled to the he-man reassurance of macho, rugged Member-Name 222, who after LIKES stated, "Kicking back by a roaring bonfire in the Texas badlands with good friends and cold beer" No fussy period, no pantywaist irony—no compunerd he. Or so he wanted us to think.

But immediately following this computer cowboy's entry came a plaintive cry, half in wonder, half in despair, all in caps. Member-Name 224TZ wrote, after OCCUPATION, "I AM AN INSULATOR. THIS WORK IS VERY INTERESTING AND IT TAKES ME TO TO VARIOUS STRANGE PLACES." Polite and in-

## Private Lives of Public Figures



Rush Limbaugh sweats to the oldies.

Illustration by Drew Friedman



nocuous enough on the surface...but was there not something tortured in the blunt simplicity of the language, in the telling stammer of the "to to"? Didn't the "very interesting" ring a little hollow, the "strange places" feel like strangled euphemism? Wasn't this poor individual really confessing, "All right, yes, I am an insulator. Stop me before I insulate again!"

We may never know. Certainly I wouldn't, because I was busy being both titillated and annoyed by Member-Name 2HEARTS, a couple who told me for my information, as though I had asked, "DISLIKES: As to Hot chat, don't bother wasting your keystrokes or your breath. The only one we hot chat with is each other :)" They weren't kidding. After revealing, in the category PERSONAL, "This is where we met, got to know one another, fell in love, and now we're together," they offered a demo of, if not Hot, then certainly Warm chat:

STATUS: Engaged, we're very much in love :) [Note the colon-parenthesis smiley faces.]

STATUS2: Pam, Your my sweetie and I think the world of you.....  
.....yummy :)

STATUS1: Tad, I adore you...you are so sexy!!

TERM-SOFT: QmodemTD

I breathed hard for a second at this last entry, a boast of sexual shenanigans having something to do with football—until I realized it referred to the couple's terminal (i.e., computer) software and communications program.

I say "couple," but bear in mind that it's impossible to confirm the sex, age or actual existence of anyone posting yummy-sweetie cybertalk on-line. Tad and Pam could be just what they seem—two swell kids who are just nuts about each other—or they could be anything else: two men, two women, one of either, a troop of snickering Cub scouts, two ICBM-silo minders long forgotten and gone mad, etc.

"MY COMPANY EXPORT GRAINS TO FOREIGN COUNTRIES," shouts another member after the oddly Japanese/Oedipal category "BUSINESSMA." What you notice,

after a night of reading these entries, is a decidedly tripartite cast to things: You are in the company of either reasonably modest citizens, crackling sparking oddballs or greeting-card sensualists. And by the latter I don't only mean 2HEARTS and their Hot chat. I mean this:

"LIKES: To have a long enjoyable walk on a secluded beautiful beach with someone special. A romantic dinner by candlelight and soft classical piano music. To relax and unwind in a hot tub. And biking for exercise!!" This from someone whom I'll call Bill. Bill is one of the very few members brave enough and sufficiently articulate to even dare to cite his PHILOSOPHY, and he does not stint:

"To experience the oneness with all of what the world has to offer. To grasp each moment, one by one, and enjoy it to the fullest:like picking the finest wine and savoring its exquisite flavor throughout the most memorable meal. To Love one another and enjoy each moment spent together, however long or short, for life

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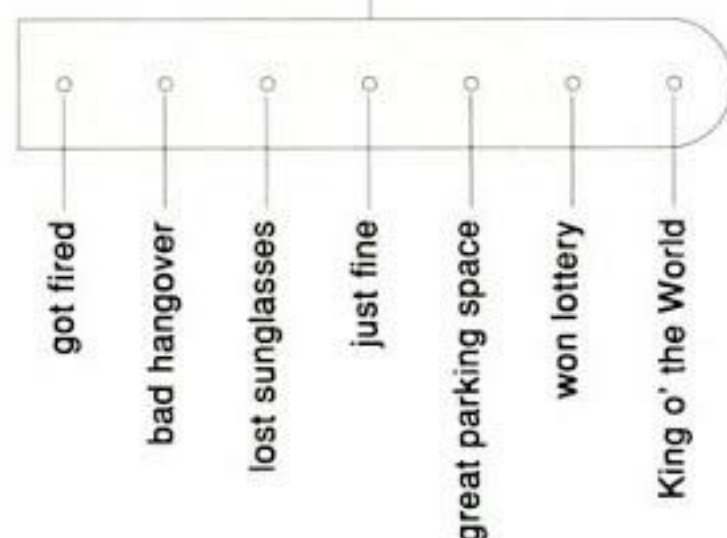
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is but a brief journey in a small world. To fully cherish nature and its delicate balance with mankind."

One's Self feels full to bursting in a giant kaboom of ecstasy and a magnificent emotion of feeling, that such a Man could express Life in such a way. Then one notices Bill's OCCUPATION. No wonder, to him, life is but a brief journey in a small world—he's an "Airline pilot." He lists his LOCATION as "San Diego, Philadelphia, Dallas." Finally, in true Digital Age fashion, one gathers the data and wises up. Bill, apparently, is sending out I'm-sensitive-'n'-sexy messages in the hopes that someone special in S.D., Philly or Big D will E-mail him a come-hither before his next, uh, layover.

And why not? What would *you* rather do with your computer, download data-compression utilities or score chicks? Good for Bill. And good for me. I've learned the first lesson of life on-line, which is that the people you meet will be the people who write—i.e., the people who, for better or worse, have something to say. In that spirit, then, perhaps LALOPA should have the last word: "In the labyrinth of the mind, there are many realities. I have visited but a few."

(That's just her Member-Name, silly. Her Name name is Wolf Woman.)

*Un-British Crossword, continued from page 80*

age of ten, why not convert to Southern Baptism? Up to 100 percent of your household will go to heaven if there's an earthquake, and if there's a heaven. While your children are little you won't have the time, energy or disposable income to do anything that the Southern Baptist Convention doesn't want you to do anyway. Most important, you can reassure the youngsters:

"Santa Claus is God's brother and Ashley and Jeff are lost souls and no you can't have a penis, that's nasty. None of the other things you want except Velociraptor will fit into Santa's sleigh."

"How come?"

"There's a secret formula. And *good* is not asking any more questions."

## UN-BRITISH CROSSWORD ANSWERS



### ACROSS

1 and 4. Err into my plus charms its rearranged ("crazy").

10. Scrooge is a miser. Is in REM backward ("retro").

14. Boa plus st plus fully.

16. Here *back* functions as part of the definition of *stem* and also to put the Mets into turnaround.

20. "Sort of" signals that *Tell us a boy* is to be rearranged.

22. "A mess" here serves the same function as "sort of" above.

23. There is, of course, no etymological connection between *manger* and *M* for *male* plus *anger*, but presumably male rage lurks everywhere. Maybe Joseph was seething, I don't know. Who has ever identified with hapless Joseph? All he did was fail to reserve a room. Maybe if Lamaze classes had been available to him, he would have had a *role* in the first Christmas. Somewhere I read recently that Freud's question "What do women want?" was "phallic exasperation masked as philosophic inquiry." If men had any gumption, they (we, actually) would come up with a female equivalent for "phallic exasperation." But no, we just sulk and sputter and fume. After assuming there would be a vacancy somewhere along the way. The three wise men were men, of course, but what did they do? "Myrrh," I can hear Mary muttering. "Frankincense. Very nice. What I *need* is a *room*." "Well," the wise men say, "we did our best." (Joseph has already said this.) And Mary answers in the immortal words of Hester in the Harry Crews novel *The Gypsy's Curse*—and hey, I'm not saying for one minute that she is not entirely justified. Mary answers in the immortal words of Hester: "I'm tired of hearing that. That's what my parents give me and you give me and everybody gives me. Who cares if something's the best if you can't



stand it? I'm not interested in what your best is, I'm interested in something I can stand."

26. "Dragon-slaying saint" is *George*. Without *E* for *energy* is a synonym for *stuff*.

27. "Frogs' island" is *île*, French for *island*.

28, 29. "Spiked eggnog" is Christmas cheer. 'At's rich, Ms. rearranged ("befuddled") is *Christmas*. Hooray! is a *cheer*.

#### DOWN

2. He in *REM*. I don't know that there is any significance in the fact that *REM* occurs twice in this puzzle, once as the rock group and once as the sleep. The wise men were a group, and when they got there, the babe was, as I understand it, asleep. And did he dream that someday millions of candy canes, Styrofoam and real, would be merchandised in his honor? It seems conceivable that someday there will be a whole new religious holiday organized around the birthdate of some rock figure, except that it would probably be Elvis, which means that people would have to pass out Cadillacs under the tree, which seems impractical.

4. *Cad* embracing *r* ("religious leader," that is to say the first letter in *religious*).

7. Nike was a missile (sounds like *mistle*) before it was a sneaker. To begin with, she was a goddess. Goddess to missile to shoe. Ooh. That's capitalism, I guess. And, hey, a shoe is a good thing. As long as godlike basketball players endorse it.

15. I am not going to get into this. It's a matter of faith. There is no indication in the Scriptures that Joseph wanted to get into it, either.

17. Giacomo Meyerbeer's real name was Jakob Liebmänn Beer. That doesn't have anything to do with this puzzle, and neither does this, but I thought you might like to know: According to the *Random House Dictionary of the English Language*, the word *beer*, as in suds, is "of disputed and ambiguous origin," which seems appropriate.

25. The scorekeeping symbol for a strikeout, or *whiff*, is, of course, *K*. A knight is a *sir*. I forget which country has Kris Kringle instead of Santa Claus, but one of them does. Americans used to talk about Kris, and St. Nick, and Father Christmas, more than they (by that I mean we) do now, because Santa used to be so central to the culture that we needed synonyms for him. *Hip* singers used to put out records about "Santa Baby" and so on. Does Santa appear in rap?

Don't mean nothing whether we been good,  
Santa ain't comin' to the 'hood.  
Say you makin' lists, checkin' 'em twice,  
Old fat white dude? Get yo ass iced.  
Santa ain't comin' to the 'hood,  
Santa ain't comin' to the 'hood. ☺

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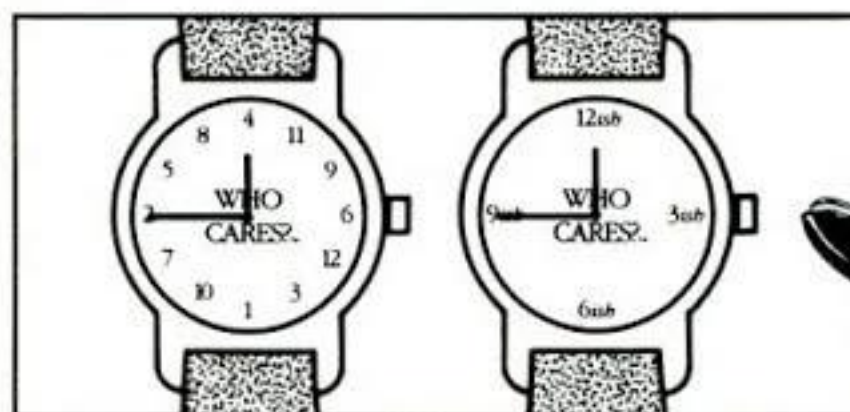
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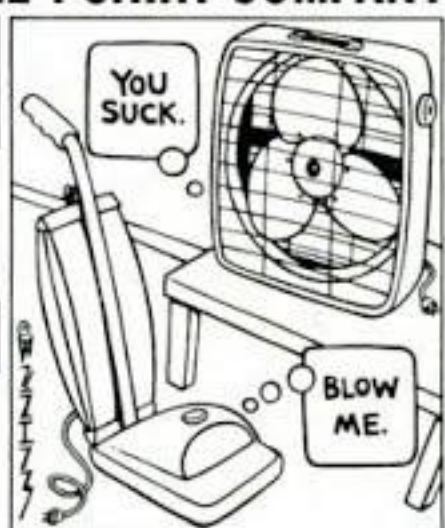
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# Ho-Ho-Who?

Yo, Ye of Little Faith—

Yule Believe or Be Damned

by Roy Blount Jr.

Who is Santa Claus? What can we know about Santa Claus? And can we comprehend him through reason or only through faith—and is he a he, and is he a person? A being, even? And who says he is white, venerable, jolly and stout? These are questions that have troubled theologians for I don't know how long, but listen, that is how theologians make a living. An untroubled theologian would be as self-defeating as an unlitigious lawyer or a wait-and-see economist. Let the theologians look out for themselves. The important thing is what these crises of belief do to parents.

Have you ever tried to explain to a small child that yes, Santa Claus does exist, in spite of what Ashley and Jeff said, but he may be more of a *spirit* than a literal elf?

"But there is a *Mrs.* Claus, right?"

"Well, again..."

"And the North Pole."

"Yes! There is a North Pole."

"Striped?"

## ACROSS

1 and 4. Take a false step into my charms—it's crazy season's greeting. (5, 9)

9. Studious Santa Claus initially wrapping Arkansas in holly. (9)

10. Scrooge is in retro rock band. (5)

11. Inn has room for almost all of Muslim holy month. (6)

12. Too much water landed like Nativity scene at night. (8)

14. Snake joins saint altogether immodestly. (10)

16. Hold back New Yorkers who can't play ball! (4)

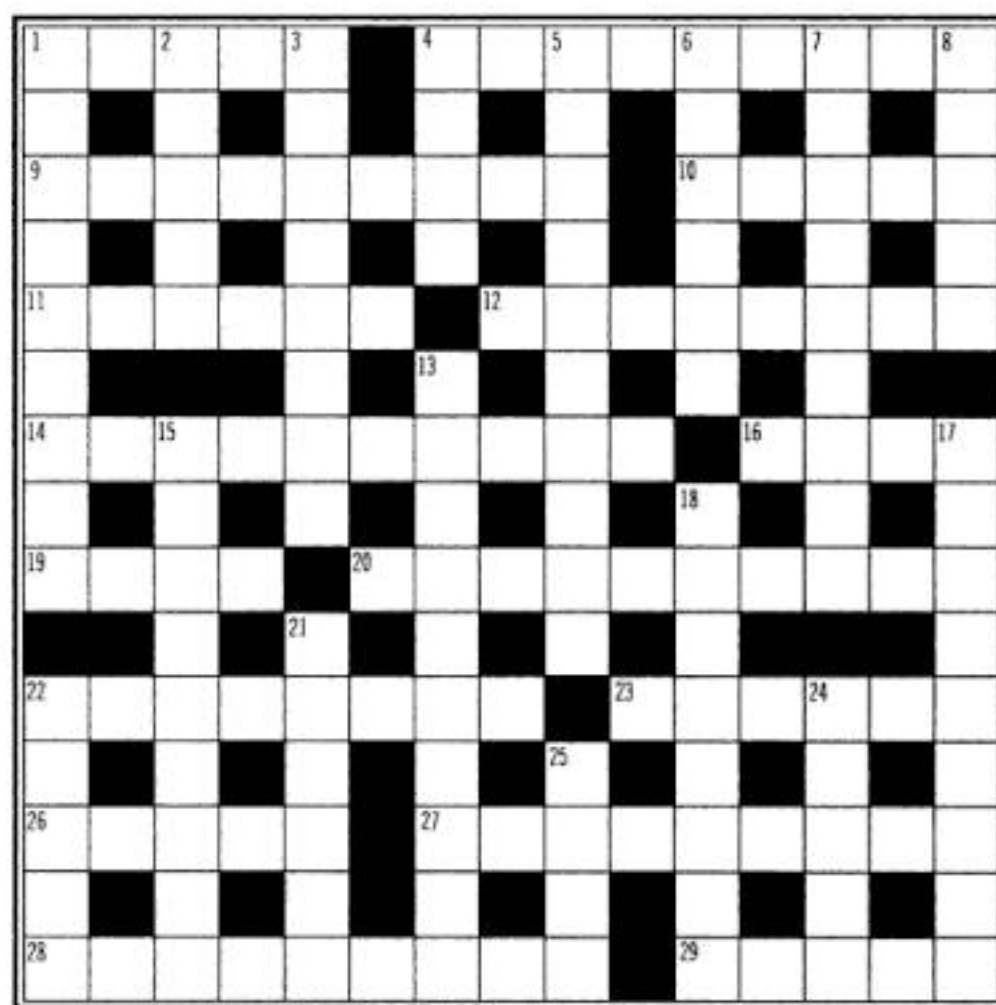
19. Birds in Jerusalem, usually. (4)

20. Tell us! A boy? Sort of. For sure. (10)

22. "Unto us, I'm...." "A mess?" "Expressing rebellion." (8)

23. Savior born here in male rage. (6)

26. Dragon-slaying saint lacks energy for stuff. (5)



27. Divert saint to frogs' island for fare-beater's hurdle. (9)

28 and 29. Spiked-eggnog-befuddled? 'At's rich, Ms....Hooray! (9,5)

## DOWN

1. Scrooge empowered but suffering. (9)

2. In deep sleep, he put new edge on garment. (5)

3. Whoever you go out with December 25. (4,4)

4. Send this at Christmas to heel embracing religious leader. (4)

5. Macbeth shed what Nebuchadnezzar had. (5,5)

"Well, it's...not like a...pole, sticking up."

"It's a spear?"

"It's...no, it's—what?"

"You said *Santa* was a spear."

"A spir-*it*."

"Oh. Like a *ghost*?"

"Well, what do you want him to bring you this year if you're good?"

"A swimming pool of my very own and Velociraptor and a horse and a twin sister and a Barney that's my size and can dance and puppies and a penis I can take on or off and go to Disney World and golden hair and a baby. And how are we defining *good*? Ashley and Jeff say Santa is your parents."

"Well..."

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(Continued on page 76)

6. Stands for something that sounds like it clashes. (6)

7. Smack under this, we hear Nike takes a nether appendage. (9)

8. Walk 14 and groove under holy man. (5)

13. You put up those ornaments, now come dust 'em—/ Glorious tradition, or just \_\_\_\_\_? (4,6)

15. Grown up? Er...er...the Virgin wasn't one. (9)

17. Composer somehow makes merry with energy swallowing bee. (9)

18. Monster time! Santa will bring spinoffs from the park. (8)

21. A hair fixative divides North, South, Gabriel and Satan. (6)

22. Johnson and wise men pick up a hundred. (5)

24. Sounds like fellas in deceiving attire. (5)

25. Kringle to whiff rising knight. (4)

Answers appear on page 76.



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